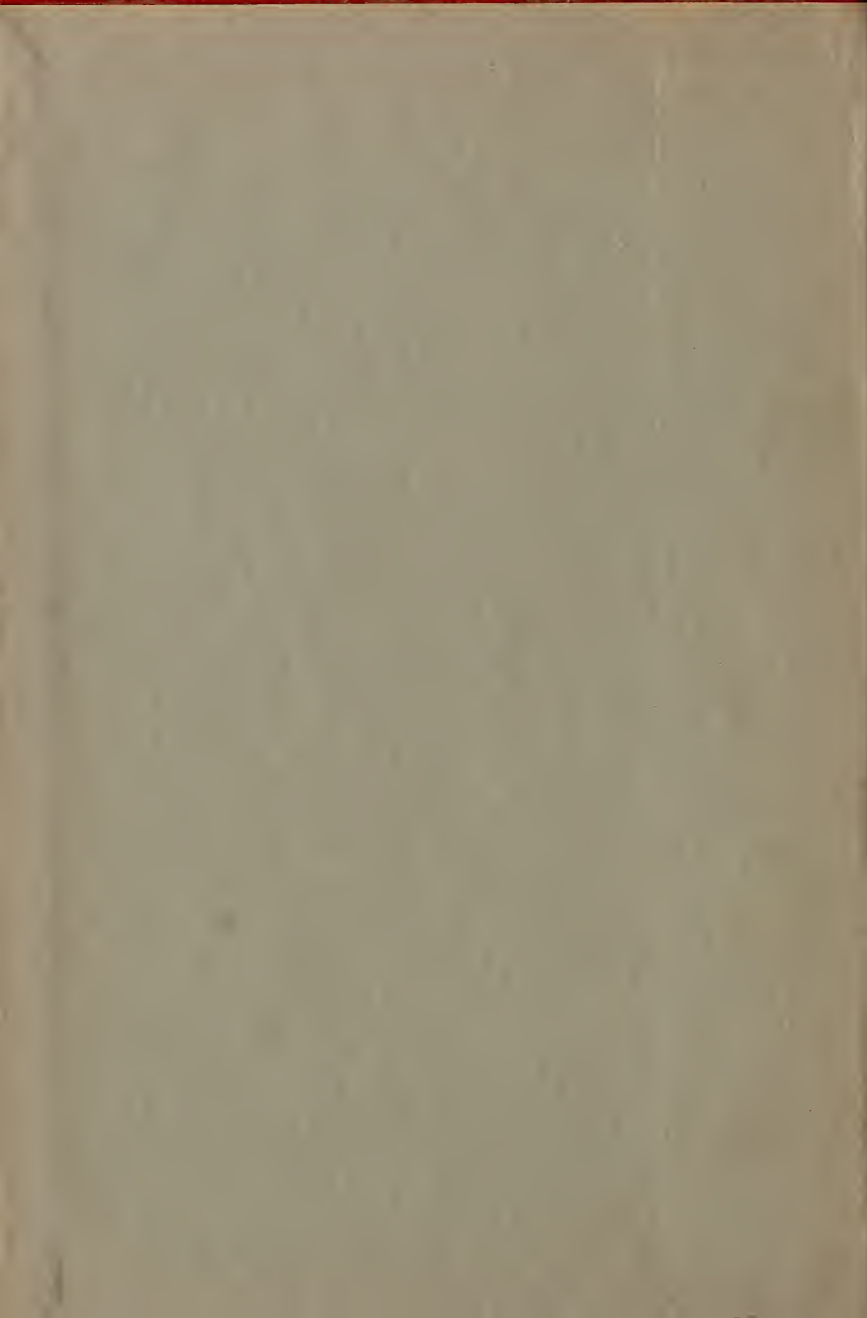




the

LINK

October 1970

WHO AM I?

WHO OWNS WHAT?

HIS LUCKIEST DAY







THE

LINK



A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

VOL. 28

OCTOBER 1970

NO. 10

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Front: "Her bright smile haunts me"—Cranch. Photo by Phillip Roddey.
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 Inside Front: All set for a happy Halloween. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.
 Inside Back: "And cruel disintegration of slow years"—Zinsser. Photo by Dale Whitney.

ART WORK: Illustrations by Stanton V. Levy.

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SOUND OFF

Eager to Help Eager Little Nguyens

In your June, 1970 issue of THE LINK, I read an article by Dorothy C. Haskin of World Vision entitled "Eager Little Nguyens." I found this article of great interest, especially since I've spent two years in Vietnam and have six more months to go here. I have seen these schools Mrs. Haskin mentions and the eager children trying to learn. I would like to join Mrs. Haskin's organization and sponsor a child here in Vietnam. Could you please forward this letter to Mrs. Haskin and have her write to me?

—Sgt. Albert W. Powell in Cambodia. 462-70-1475. "B" Co. 4th Bn. 9th Inf.
APO San Francisco 96225.

Collaborators

Imagine my astonishment, if you can, upon reading your March 1970 issue and seeing an article by Bill Boynansky. Twenty-five years ago we collaborated on a cartoon strip idea which stirred up our excitement but never materialized. Some time passed and then *Quick* magazine carried one of my articles which was illustrated with cartoons by Bill who is quite a talented cartoonist and thus my surprise to see an article under his byline.

(Continued on page 65)

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All scripture quotations, unless otherwise designated, are from the Revised Standard Version of the Bible.



Brian Dover, age 7, of Newport, Calif., sent his whole week's allowance of 40 cents to Danang AB, Vietnam, because he heard of "orphans without food." Brian's gift is turned into food and is here presented by Chaplain Richard Miller to Vung Dinh, an 8-year-old Vietnamese orphan.

I Decided Fear Would Not Rule My Life

By Richard D. Miller

I NEVER thought I could die until I came to Vietnam. I still don't expect to die. I surely don't want to die, but I know now that it is possible, even for me."

I wrote those words while at Danang Air Base, Republic of South Vietnam, in August of 1967. Some lessons of life take a long time to

learn. That I was mortal I learned in twelve minutes.

At 12:15 A.M., July 15, 1967, enemy rockets began to explode on Danang Air Base. I was asleep in my quarters. Although I had never heard a rocket detonate, as soon as the first rocket hit I was on the floor of the trailer frantically pulling my



Chaplains visit the Casualty Staging Unit at Danang daily. Chaplain Miller chats with SSgt Robert Hutchins.

mattress over my head as I had been instructed. Father Bob Costello yelled at me from his end of the trailer: "Hit the deck!" but I needed no prompting. There was no mistaking that sound.

I found myself praying just three words over and over, "Jesus, save me." The words "finitude" and "eschatological" fled their academic niches in my brain and came rushing to join the "real" words. "Death" came over to join "sex" and "baseball."

Airman Winner, the driver of our chaplain's jeep, came to the trailer and said the attack was over. I found that difficult to believe. Tremendous blasts were resounding with regularity. He assured us they were secondary explosions from the flight line area.

We hurriedly dressed, put on our helmets and began to race for the jeep to go to our emergency post, the base hospital. Just after we

left the trailer we were knocked to the ground by a blast that sent a warm hurricane across us. The bomb dump across the airfield had exploded. That blast alone did enough damage to structures within a three-mile area to keep construction units busy rebuilding for months. The final estimate of damage in this most destructive of all attacks on a U. S. installation in any war was 89 million dollars. The final count of rockets received was also 89.

As we drove to the hospital it looked as if the entire south end of the base was on fire. The security policeman waved our jeep into the south cantonment area where we saw four of our new two-story barracks in flames. At the hospital we learned that the south end of the flight line was virtually obliterated. Nine aircraft were destroyed and 58 damaged. Casualties began to arrive.

CHAPLAIN Harold Elliott, who had gone to mail a letter when the attack began and had to take cover between the garbage cans of the Airmen's Club, talked with each man as his litter was placed in the emergency receiving area where the doctors and corpsmen were now busy. Sergeant Milt Ellis, one of our chaplain's assistants, was pressed into the job of landing helicopters outside the hospital. The seriously wounded were flown immediately to a larger Navy hospital across town.

One ward was transformed into a temporary morgue where identi-

fication of bodies would be attempted. There was already one known fatality. He was in a barracks that received a direct hit. Decisive action by the squadron commander and first sergeant who went immediately to the barracks area of their troops probably saved other lives. They rallied the stunned and wounded men, carried out a flaming mattress and directed other fire-fighting activity. The wounded from that barracks were the first to arrive at the hospital. They had also carried the corpse into the emergency morgue.

Father Jerry Whelan anointed the body. He and Chaplain Bob Browning, who were now ministering to the wounded along with

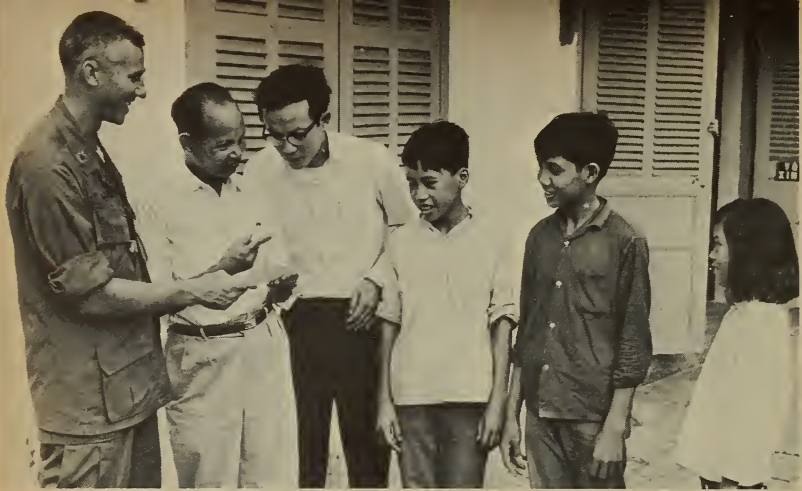
Chaplain Elliott, had arrived at Danang just one day previous to the attack. They always will remember their early baptism to war. Jerry told me the name of the dead airman. I knew him. Just eight hours before we had been playing softball together on the same squadron team.

I told Clyde Howard, the Red Cross director, that I expected fatalities in three figures. I was thinking of those four burning barracks and the scores of other fires and explosions on the flight line where men were working loading ordinance on the fighters for the next day's mission.

Sergeant Pete Veno, a hospital corpsman, was still wearing his um-

Chaplain Richard Miller talks with students of the English conversation classes sponsored by the Hai Chau Evangelical Church, Danang. The classes were taught by volunteer U. S. airmen.





Children of Vietnamese pastors were provided scholarships to the Christian Vocation High School by Air Force personnel at Danang. Chaplain Miller presents a check to Mr. Vo Ngoc Ky, chairman of the school board.

pire uniform from that afternoon game when he came into the temporary morgue carrying one end of a large canvas bag. There were five other bags to follow and the stench of burning flesh crowded out all other odors from the room. In each bag was an airman fire fighter. They were all killed when the aircraft they tried to extinguish exploded. At the permanent morgue Father Costello anointed another airman who had been killed by shrapnel as he leaped from an aircraft that had just landed on the runway. That was number eight. Fortunately, there were to be no others.

Good news followed. We learned that all of the men from the four barracks, now burned to the ground, had escaped unharmed. Before the

rocket hit the one barracks and the fire had spread to the others they had been able to take refuge in a nearby bunker. Just before the attack all but a few of the men working on the flight line had left for midnight chow. Had the attack come five minutes earlier, scores of others probably would have been killed.

After we had visited with all the wounded, Sergeant Robert Hutchins and I walked through the barracks area talking with the men gathered in small groups. I assured them the casualties were far below what we had all feared and commended them upon their disciplined and courageous action during the attack. We all talked about how frightened we had been and all

admitted to serious praying. Never before had I experienced so strongly the symbolic power of the chaplain-pastor role. Since I was at the base only one month I knew few of the men personally. For weeks after, however, I heard from men I had talked with that night and from the supervisors of others about how grateful they were for my presence with them in that night of shared terror.

THE next week was a rough one. I had to deal with Fear. It was a problem we all shared but each had to solve individually. The daylight hours were filled with work and activity and talk about rockets. The night hours brought anxiety and fear. (Our theme song was "Oh, how I hate to see that evening sun go down.") Some men took blankets off their beds and slept on the sand floor of the bunkers. They felt safer within its thick sand-filled plywood walls. A few of them continued to sleep there until their year tour was over—as long as five months for some. Others went to bed early, awoke at midnight, walked the base until 3 A.M. and then returned to bed until morning. (Each of the two previous rocket attacks at Danang occurred during this time span.)

Most of us continued to sleep in our assigned beds at customary hours. Nevertheless, for a week after the attack each night brought with it a cluster of decisions. Shall I sleep with my clothes on? Shall I sleep on the floor? What will I do when I hear the rocket hit, stay in

my quarters or run for a bunker?

After several nights of severe distress I determined fear was not to rule in my life. I decided I was not going to die in Vietnam. I had too many things I was determined to do. I was going to meet my wife in Hawaii on R & R in a few months. I was going to take my children on a long vacation next summer. I was going to see the Cincinnati Reds win a pennant. I was going to teach and to preach, to enjoy and fulfill my ministry. So I told God about my decision and he agreed it was a good one.

I knew, of course, that my "decision" would not alter the course of a rocket if it was headed my way. But that fact did not change my decision or its power in my life. I found this boldness akin to a previous boldness that allowed me to accept the name Christian—that boldness of accepting the fact that God in his grace accepted unacceptable me.

Two practical steps accompanied my decision. I would build a sand and plywood revetment around the trailer and I would take the legs off my bed so that I would sleep closer to ground level. I determined neither to believe nor to tempt the fates. Rather I would live as a decision-making man who had been set free from the fates by the example and love of Christ, who was my pioneer in overcoming death and its fears.

About a year previous to my Vietnam tour I attended a pastor's conference at the Ecumenical Institute,

(Continued on page 43)

Who

I?

Am

Who

I?

By Wayne E. Oates

IF you wonder who you are, you can comfort yourself with the knowledge that Moses asked this of God when he was called to lead the people of Israel out of Egypt. Moses asked: "*Who am I* that I should go to Pharaoh, and bring the sons of Israel out of Egypt?" (Exodus 3:11). Also, our Lord Jesus Christ asked his disciples: "Who do men say that the Son of man is?" With such forerunners as these asking such questions about themselves, you and I may well ask ourselves who we are and inquire of others who they think we are if we have not yet faced the question. The purpose of this article is to provide a guide for thinking about the question in such a way that it is constructive rather than just self-centered preoccupation that leads nowhere.

God's Estimate of Who You Are

The creation story tells us in more than one way that we are made in the image of God. This takes into consideration our masculinity and femininity. The Scripture tells us: "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God he created them; male and female he created them." When you begin to think more *lowly* of yourself than you ought to think, then remember the way that you are made.

Then, again, the Apostle Paul gives another perspective of who you are. In advising people to have a correct judgment about their own behavior, he said that we should never put a stumbling block or hindrance in the way of a brother. His reason for this was that our brother is a person "for whom Christ died" (Romans 14:13-15). You, too,

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are a person for whom Christ died. This is the kind of value that God has placed on you. This is how you are to think of yourself. This is who you are.

Then, again, the Apostle Paul gives another thought as to who you are. He says: "...you are God's temple and...God's Spirit dwells in you" (1 Corinthians 3: 16). God has chosen you and me as the dwelling place of his own Spirit. Thus we can appreciate what a high value he has placed upon us. As one who is made in his image, as one for whom Christ died, and as one in whom the Holy Spirit dwells, we are persons who can walk with a deep sense of self-respect, integrity, and personal worth. We need no longer consider ourselves as "nobodies" because we are "somebody" to God. In God we live and move and have our being and can resist all men's attempts to devalue us, to "low-rate" us, or to degrade us.

Your Estimate of Who You Are

When we place God's estimate of who you are alongside your own estimate of who you are, we can see a vast difference. Often, the worst things that you can think of yourself as doing or thinking are the result of your own poor image of yourself. In your darkest moments, you will do things that are unconsciously calculated to cause other people to think as lowly of you as you do yourself. Even in your most self-elevated mood of self-pride, you probably are reacting against a deeper feeling of self-rejection and poor worth. A person who is really

secure in his sense of personal worth does not need to "oversell" himself to others. The end result of such "overselling" is to convince people of our deepest feeling of worthlessness and, in effect, to get them to agree with us.

Where does our faulty conception of ourselves come from and how do we set about correcting this? When we try to answer this, we turn to some modern psychologists for real assistance.

The first place we get a faulty conception of ourselves is from our physical features. We were born with certain characteristics, such as birthmarks, defects, and built-in hereditary features such as shortness of stature, extreme height, etc. We are likely to build our conception of our personal worth upon one or more of these features. For example, if a young man is born short of stature and light of weight and cannot make the senior varsity football team in high school because of this, he is likely to assume a personal attitude of inferiority about himself that people around him who do not expect him to be a football heavyweight find hard to understand. On the other hand, the person who *does* make the senior football team is likely to assume that all of life's challenges can be met by brute force or popularity. In both instances, the individuals have a life-style that will need to be redeemed and made more accurate to the truth that a person is more than how tall he is or how much he weighs.

Our parents provide most of the

basis for our value of ourselves. If they drum into our ears that we are superior because we are white or inferior because we are black, we are likely to believe it. If they convince us that we are stupid, we may need a whole array of good teachers to convince us otherwise, and that is a rare thing to happen—to have a whole array of good teachers. If our parents, on the other hand, cause us to overvalue ourselves and to think that we can do anything in the world, we are likely to fear attempting anything lest we fail or to assume that our parents are right and that it is other people's fault if we fail. However, if they teach us to know both our strengths and our limitations, investing confidence in us in both instances, then we are likely to have a realistic conception of who we are.

Our brothers and sisters are those with whom we compare ourselves as we make up our minds as to who we are. We also take their estimates of us seriously. When we answer the question as to who we really think we are, we are likely to be quoting estimates of ourselves we have received from our brothers and sisters. We are a part of all that we have met and these persons' estimates, like our parents', figure into our self-image.

Finally, the groups and leaders

we have belonged to and been led by have done much toward our forming of our self-concepts. The leaders have been our heroes or our despised ones, depending upon our attitude toward the way they exercised their authority. The groups have been the source of our identification of ourselves. For example, the serviceman or woman is a part of a unit, an outfit. Much of his or her identity comes from the morale of this group. In civilian life, the various service organizations, clubs, and associations provide us with much of our sense of identity.

This is why being a Christian is such an important part of our self-image, our definition of who we are. We bear the name of our leader, Christ, and do confess that this is who we are—Christians. This positions us in relation to all other kinds of people, and the fact that we belong to the fellowship of Christians rises above all other associations we have. Here we do two things. First, we remind ourselves that we are made in the image of God, we are persons for whom Christ died, and we are temples of the Holy Spirit. Second, we commit ourselves to see all other people in this same way—that they, too, are made in God's image; that God loves them and is seeking to bring salvation and life to all. ■ ■

To be free . . . is not to be without a master; it is rather to be your own master.
—Edward J. Bloustein in *School and Society*.

Temptation is the stuff of which Christians are made. If the devil never tempts you, you can't develop your resistance to sin.—Billy Sunday in *Moody Monthly*.

It Took Courage

IF you are a baseball fan and are anywhere in the vicinity of Cooperstown, New York, be sure to visit the Baseball Hall of Fame. On the first floor with all the mementos of baseball's great past, you will come across the bronze plaques of Jackie Robinson and Branch Rickey—two men who fashioned baseball into what it is today.

Branch Rickey is responsible for bringing the first black player into the major leagues, who was Jackie Robinson. It was quite a rough experience for both, but the greater burden fell on Robbie because he had to prove to the baseball world that he and future members of his race could make the grade if given a chance. You can surely believe it, all eyes were on this great Negro athlete.

Jackie was born on January 31, 1917, in Cairo, Georgia. His widowed mother packed her meager belongings one day and moved to California with her young family of four boys and a girl. It was a hardship to exist, but the family worked together and survived.

When Robbie entered high school he became a star athlete. It is amusing to note at this time that he liked all sports but enjoyed the game of baseball the least. He followed his older brother into Pasadena Junior College and began developing into a great star. His older brother had established a record in the broad jump. It didn't stand too long because Robbie broke it with a jump of over 25½ feet. His name began appearing regularly in the sports pages, and the scouts from different colleges started coming to see him. UCLA finally succeeded in wooing him to their school. While at college, he was outstanding in all the major sports.

When World War II broke out Robbie went into Military Service. When the war was over, he was discharged with the rank of Second Lieutenant.

He played baseball with the Kansas City Monarchs, and later was called by Montreal of the International League. In 1946 he sparked this team to a pennant, winning the batting title and helping his team capture the Little World Series. Branch Rickey made the move that startled baseball—he asked Jackie Robinson, the first Negro in the major leagues, to play for the Brooklyn Dodgers. The rest is history and is now in the record books of baseball.

—Mario DeMarco

The Happy Box

By Lenore Morgan

Puppy or birth control pills?

L AURIE stood like a hungry child gazing longingly into a bakery window. But it was a pet shop window that held her. It was a curly-haired black puppy wagging his tail merrily that made her eyes look moist in the weak winter sunlight. She pressed against the pane, caressing the glass as if her fingers could feel the soft warmth of the little dog through it. "How I want you!" she murmured.

Impulsively she straightened and whirled to the door of the shop. "How much is the black one?" she flung at the man inside before fully through the door, pointing toward the window.

The man peered over his half-glasses. "The black, lady? Ten dollars."

"Ten? A mongrel?"

"A full bred mongrel, lady. His mother's a registered chow. It's his father what raises any question. Why don't you hold him a spell?"

"Oh, yes!" Laurie breathed. When the burrowing mass was in her arms, nestling, eager and licking, she breathed again, "Oh, yes!"

"He likes you, lady." The shop-owner scratched his shiny bald spot with a withered hand. "Fine watchdog—and fine with children and—"

Laurie stiffened. Her caressing fingers slowed and became still. Stonily she returned the dog. "Thank you."

The owner's stubbled chin went down. "You don't want him, lady?"



Great with kids—”

“I don’t have kids!” Laurie knew she was screaming, as she screamed at Doug lately. She commanded her surging breast to quiet. “Thank you. I was—just looking.” Her hand was on the tarnished brass knob. She had to get out of there—away from the mention of children—children she had been denied.

But the shopkeeper persisted. “I’ll make it nine.”

Laurie shook her head so vehemently that the tendrils of sandy hair bounced against her brow. “No!” She tugged at the creaking door.

“Eight?” the man tossed to her weakly, but his potential customer was gone.

It was five blocks to the drug-store and Laurie, pulling her collar more firmly against the wind, struck out determinedly. “Falling for a mongrel!” she accused herself. “Just because he wagged and nuzzled. And how would you pay for him?”

In her billfold were seven dollars and she knew well what for. Besides, he would grow into a huge beast. How would you feed *that* on Doug’s fellowship? Not the noodles she served Doug. That animal would want fine red steak.

She licked her lips. Steak! When had she and Doug had any meat but hamburger? Well, better days were coming. So Doug said. “Just wait,” he said. Wait! Her four married years had been spent waiting. Wait till I get my Ph.D.—Wait for a baby—Wait for more than two furnished rooms—yes, even wait for

a puppy, she supposed. Wait!

She marched doggedly on, her thoughts keeping pace with her quick steps and taking on the same defiant character. Barren she was. Empty—alone. Doug out all day, often far into the night, back to the university to research his thesis. If she could have something to cuddle and care for like that little dog—Not like a baby, but—well, she had tried that. Oh, yes, she had been over that road. And Doug would no doubt complain about a dog almost as much as a baby.

When she reached the drugstore she hoped that she smiled normally at the pharmacist.

"The usual, Mrs. Stuart?" The pharmacist was cool and professional. Laurie nodded.

"Three month supply this time?"

"Please." Laurie nodded again and turned to the displays of baby needs. She smiled at a tiny jacket. Her fingers fondled the fabric and then lingered over a plush rabbit. She bit her lips and forced back tears.

"Six-o-eight with tax." She jumped guiltily as the pharmacist spoke, raised a hand for the prescription. Abruptly she drew back. "I—I don't need them—after all." She plunged to the door and ran to the pet shop. "I'll take the black puppy!" she cried. "Seven dollars." Her deep blue eyes were pleading.

The proprietor shrugged. "O.K., lady. But you're robbing me. A purebred mongrel—"

Laurie stretched over the frail window fence and had the wrig-

gling puppy in her arms. "Oh, darling!"

"But, lady, they don't let no dogs ride subways or buses—"

"I'm walking," Laurie said gaily. She giggled—for the first time in long weeks—she giggled. "Walking my dog!"

She felt as if her feet did not touch concrete as she danced along the avenue. The small dog was inside her coat till only his cold nose and warm eyes peeked out. As passersby smiled Laurie felt proud, as if taking a baby for an airing, preening at admiring glances.

Baby! As the word struck again Laurie winced. The child they never had.

"Baby!" Doug had roared. "You know we can't let anything interfere till I have my degree and we are on the way up. We have to wait!"

The anguish of that night. She had been so young, so naive. She had thought it would be cute and adorable to be sewing on tiny garments a la movies and old novels when Doug came home. Well, crocheting. It worked on the screen and in the books. "My love!" the hero ever panted. "My love!" Humph, it didn't work with Doug. He had snatched the unfinished bootie from her and flung it to the hearth. She could see it still lying there at the border of the fire, charred, beginning to curl. She had torn from the room, but was yet so vulnerable to his swift apologies and kisses as he followed her. Yes, she had forgiven. Oh, yes, only the Ph.D. degree mattered. Then she had blacked out and when she

The dilemma of a lonely wife

came to there was no further threat of an unwanted, interfering child. Doug, his thin face looking yet thinner beneath his rumpled, blonde hair leaned over her in the hospital bed. "Darling Laurie! I'm sorry—sorry—"

As she began to comprehend, feel the dull pain and emptiness, she accepted the apologetic rain of kisses. "No children," she murmured. "I have forgotten. I can wait."

But she had not forgotten. She had sorrowfully placed the finished bootie in The Happy Box. As it lay there, without its mate, against the dried gardenia, the first flower Doug had given her, tears dropped on it. There, too, was the ribbon from the candy he had given her, the Chinese fortune cookie garnered on their honeymoon, the fall leaves gathered that lovely day in the woods. All the memorabilia—symbols of beautiful times together.

For The Happy Box was Doug's idea. "A place for our happy things," he said. "Beautiful things to remember *us* by." Well, let the bootie lie with memories, for that had been her happy time when she had believed in a child. Now The Happy Box stood on a top shelf in the kitchen, the flour and pancake mix in front so that she would not see. Happy memories packed away.

She had not forgotten—and she could not wait. The longing, the cold, were too deep. So she had bought a puppy to ease the dreadful

aloneness. What was more, she had spent "the pill" money. There might again be the threat of a baby. She shivered.

As she went on, however, thrilling to the warmth and trust of the tiny body against hers, rising to admiring smiles, courage and sureness took over. Ridiculous! She could eke out from the grocery money to replenish the supply. More noodles, less hamburger. And Doug would approve the dog. She would see to that!

Carefully she rehearsed what she would say. "Alone, Doug. I must have something. If I could work—"

"No wife of mine works!" Doug would pound the table in that weary, frustrated gesture. "I cherish *my* wife—protect her." That was exactly what he would say, as he had so often. But she would have answers this time.

Then she was at the apartment building and she hastened inside.

AS she heard Doug's firm steps on the landing later, rehearsal did no good. She trembled. She swept the puppy from the floor, whisked him to the bedroom.

"Hey, Laurie!" Doug bulldozed in as always. But this was a different Doug tonight. His lean face glowed as he brandished a slip of paper. "Behold!"

Laurie, trying for self-control, took the paper. "Five hundred dollars! Oh, Doug!"



"You know that Merit Award for Excellence in Teaching? How I've taught Old Patterson's classes while he's been sick? No pay—just experience. Well, the students voted *me* for it! Rated me A-1! Me—with only a lowly fellowship!"

"Oh, Doug!" Laurie said again and went to him. Against his breast she was content; the turmoil of the afternoon forgotten.

"We'll put it in The Happy Box," he said. "This sure is one of our happy things. Toward the degree."

With a thrusting shock Laurie remembered. She steeled herself. "I got something today, too."

The walk to the bedroom was as one to the electric chair. She returned waving the dog like a red flag.

But, yes, this was a different Doug tonight. "Hey, he's pretty cute. Will he eat noodles?" He took the grunting pup in his long arms, looked steadily and piercingly at Laurie, and then said, "Cute little mutt. Come on, wife. Let's eat."

SOME weeks later Laurie was recalling that night. The Happy Box with its Award money. Her only hope. Nervously she scratched Chinker, now the growing dog with

a name, stretched on the threadbare couch. Across the daisies before her on the table, she saw the doctor as plainly as she had a few hours before. She heard her faint, frightened voice.

"Are you—sure?"

"Quite sure, my dear. Don't you want a little one?"

Laurie had examined her cheap handbag as if discovering it. Then she dared to raise her eyes to meet those penetrating, gray eyes. "Yes. But—my husband—doesn't—"

"Nonsense!" The doctor rose, punctuating the conference. "Every man wants a child. Makes him reborn—living—something created in the image of God." He came around the cluttered desk. "Run home. Tell him. All men want children, my dear. Come back in about a month."

Laurie pushed Chinker aside and walked to the kitchen as if her joints needed oiling. She opened the closet, moved the flour and pancake mix, stared at The Happy Box. Her knees slapped together. Her hand shimmied as she reached. Then she pulled back. The bootie! She couldn't look! Now another baby that she was being denied. Worse, that she was to destroy in its tiny embryonic, unborn form.

Panicky, she forced herself to reach again and brought the box down. But her hands would not move further. She left it there and flung herself on the couch. "You did it to yourself!" she sobbed. "You could have gotten 'the pill.' But you went on taking chances, so sure you wouldn't—"

She bolted upright. "No! Sure

you *would*! Laurie Stuart, you wanted to chance it! Hoped you would—that Doug would give in—"

Well, he wasn't going to. Not Doug! She jumped up and raced to the kitchen. Yes, he was nice about Chinker. Different—sweet. For a couple of weeks after the Award, but then work and worry gnawed again. He had been the same gruff, silent, unseeing Doug. And she had been so lonely! So she had let things slip deliberately, hopefully. And now . . .

"So you did it! And you've got to undo it!" she said aloud. "Get that money. Just go away. The doctor said sure! He said—"

What was that other thing he said? "Every man wants a child—makes him reborn—living—created in the image of God . . ."

Image of God. Laurie dropped to her knees. "Oh, God! I—I don't pray enough—but—help me. Tell me what—to do!"

She was silent on her knees. No hand reached out from heaven; no voice thundered from above. She shrugged. "Don't blame Him. Doesn't even know me. Why should He listen?"

Savagely she tore at the lid of The Happy Box. Yes, she would get that five hundred to take care of it. So what? The little embryo was nothing yet—no life—to speak of—It would serve Doug right to have his precious Award used to destroy something he didn't want.

She shut her eyes to close out the bootie. Hysterically, she dug for the feel of crisp bills. But she had to press against the woolly

thing as she passed, heard the crackle of the old gardenia and the leaves, the swish of the taffeta candy ribbon, the brittle, hollow sound of Chinese fortune cookie. She rummaged, eyes yet closed. Her hands touched more wool! She felt. Her eyes snapped open. She lifted the object. Once more she fell to her knees, sobbing convulsively. "Thank you! Dear God, thank you! Thank you! Thank you!"

Chinker, sensing the emotion, wriggled to her. She pressed him close. "Every dog should have a boy. Or maybe a girl—a playmate, anyway." Her hand dived into the box again.

Now in her hands lay a pair of booties, one fresh and finished, as she had placed it at that dreadful time; the other blackened, charred, as it was thrown to the hearth in anger, and then—then—tenderly lifted and laid in The Happy Box—the place of Happy Things—*by Doug.* ■ ■

The Big Question

"What did you operate on this guy for?"

"\$800."

"No, I mean what did he have?"

"\$800."—*Laugh Parade.*

One Cause of Pollution

One contributing cause of air pollution is the burning of so many draft cards.

—Anna Herbert

Daily Bible Readings

October

DAY	BOOK	CHAPTER
1	Psalms ..	119:105-112*
2	Proverbs	3:1-12
3	John	8:12-15

Life from Jesus Christ

4 Sunday	John	4:7-26
5	John	4:43-54
6	Mark	10:46-52
7	Luke	7:11-23
8	John	9:1-11
9	John	11:32-45
10	Acts	3:1-10

Resurrection Life

11 Sunday	Acts	13:28-39
12	1 Corinthians ..	15:1-11
13	1 Corinthians ..	15:12-28
14	1 Corinthians ..	15:50-58
15	2 Corinthians ..	4:7-16
16	Ephesians	4:17-24
17	Colossians	3:1-19

Life in Fellowship with God

18 Sunday	Genesis	5:21-24
19	Psalms	16:1-11*
20	Psalms	23:1-6*
21	John	15:1-8
22	Romans	6:1-14
23	Philippians	1:12-30
24	1 John	1:1-10

Life in the Church

25 Sunday	Matthew	18:15-20
26	Acts	2:42-47
27	Acts	4:32-37
28	1 Thessalonians ..	1:1-10
29	1 Corinthians ..	12:4-13
30	Colossians	1:1-29
31	Revelation	(Apocalypse) ..1:10-20

*This Psalm is numbered one less in some Bibles.

Who Owns What?

By Ward L. Kaiser

ON the face of it the question is just too simple. Almost everything belongs to somebody. And that somebody better nail down what is his so nobody else walks off with it. Or at least stencil his name on it and clearly establish his rightful ownership.

Thus the uniform you wear belongs to Uncle Sam; he holds you accountable. Your Bible belongs to you; your name is on the presentation page. Your wife and children belong to you; the Mrs. wears your ring, which is a symbol of belonging, and the whole family carries your name.

Christians, however, have stubbornly refused to believe that the question of ownership is that simple. They start from the premise that God owns everything. "The earth belongs to the Lord..."

That's how the psalmist expressed it, and Christians side with him.

Even a person, Christians continue, is not his own. No one else's property, for that would be slavery. But not his own property; that would be stupidity. So the followers of Jesus support the psalmist as he expands his thought: "the world belongs to God, *and its inhabitants*" (Psalm 24:1, Moffatt translation).

The Action Gap

Still—let's be honest with ourselves—few hold to Christian ideals. We fall short as individuals, and we belong to a system that fails to reflect our highest intentions. We American Christians talk a good stewardship, but are our actions that different from those who make no claim to faith? Is your

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budget or mine radically different from that of the average materialist or atheist? Do the budgets of our churches put first things first? Do our national priorities, as set out in budgetary allotments, reveal a people influenced strongly by Christian ideals of responsibility?

Divine Reminders

No matter how you and I respond, God may be giving a "No" to all four questions. In any event, he is currently calling us to take seriously our responsibilities. He is speaking through events and people to recall us to our right minds. Let's look at some of these.

1. Radical Youth

"Hippies" and their friends are one way God is speaking to his people. These critics say to us: do not judge people by their clothes, by how often they get a haircut, by the cars they drive or the schools they attend. Take them just as they are: as human beings to whom you can relate.

That's not exactly the gospel of Jesus Christ. But is it not close to it? Are these people not saying, in effect, "If a man pulls up to your church in a big Mercedes, wearing a \$200 suit, and another guy comes along on a motorcycle, wearing a beard and sandals—and you give the first a bigger welcome, man, you've missed the point!" (Compare something the brother of our Lord wrote about ownership of things and respect for persons: see James 2:1-5.)

2. The Pollution Crisis

There's a stream in Ohio that some people claimed they owned. After all, didn't it run through their property? So they turned it into an automatic garbage disposal unit. Other "owners" did the same. A factory or two sluiced sewage into its waters. Today that stream is fit neither for fish nor for fun; its beauty and usefulness are gone.

Who owns the stream? It's never enough for a man to say, "It's mine." We'd be closer to the truth if all whose land borders that stream could say, "We own this stream in partnership." But is even that enough? Don't all the people of the area have an interest in it, whether they own land nearby or not? In some final sense, isn't it God's river, and isn't God saying that unless we respect his laws of cleanliness and responsibility, there is no hope of redeeming what we have lost?

3. The Demands of the Poor

Our day in history is marked by a new awareness of the poor. We know that a minority of the world's people enjoy what should, ideally, serve all God's children.

Consider living space, for example. The Civil Rights Commission pointed out in 1959 that

If the population density in some of Harlem's worst blocks obtained in the rest of New York City, the entire population of the United States could fit into three of New York's boroughs.

Eleven years later the picture has not really changed.

Extend the point world-wide: is it right that 6 percent of the world's people should use 50 percent of its nonrenewable resources? Precisely that is what some economists are saying we in the U.S.A. are doing. Even if we Americans could justify using up 33 percent of the world's output of bauxite—a limited resource—is it smart to turn so much of it into throw-away beer cans?

Some of us are convinced that God is acting through the struggle for justice to remind us forcefully that the earth is his, and everything in it, and he has given it to *all* his children.

Man does not take easily to the idea that he can't own things. He likes to command, to be in the driver's seat, to amass wealth, to flaunt possessions.

God's way is not to deny man the pleasure of things—on the contrary, God gives man this world to enjoy, to dominate, to control, to use for good.

But he reminds man ever and again that there exists a dimension beyond his control: God's ultimate ownership. Death, for example, is a clue to reality: no man "owns" his own breath or bank account or even a book.

Today God adds some special signals for our reading: the pressure is on us to become good managers. And God's definition of a good manager is one who uses what he has: time, skill, influence, money, brains, opportunities, physical strength, natural resources and all,

wisely and well. And *that* would seem to mean not just for self, but for others. Not just for the moment, but for generations yet unborn. Not just for Americans, but for all peoples. Not by shaving generosity thin, but by living freely. Not casually or carelessly, but with a sense of great urgency, for this is a critical moment in history. ■ ■

YOUR FAITHFUL EFFORTS

Keep pressing on toward your goal

And don't give up your dream.

**You'll find rewards that cheer your
soul**

Much closer than they seem.

Your faithful efforts will prevail.

Let patience be your guide.

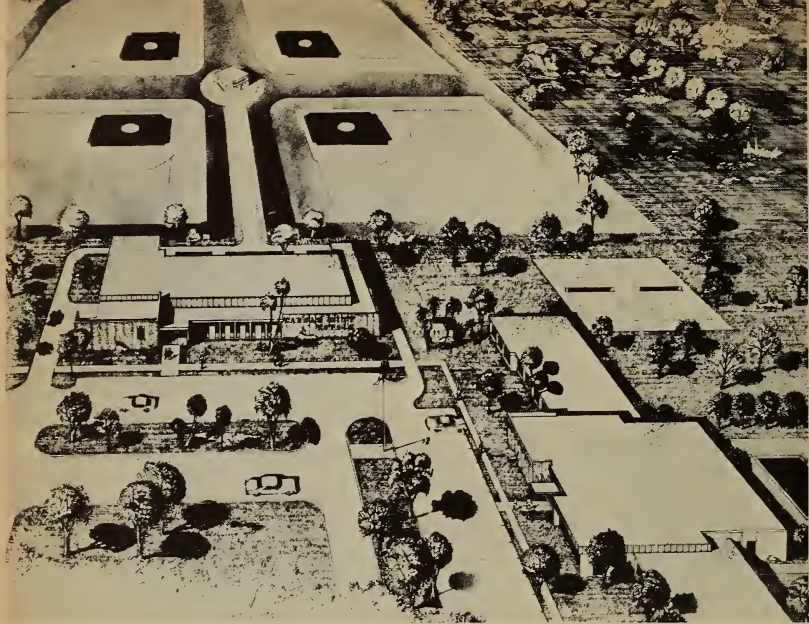
The only ones who really fail

Are those who have not tried.

—Mary Hamlett Goodman



"I can only give you five minutes of my time, dear. Now what did you want to yell at me about?"



Kansas City Royals Minor League Complex and Baseball Academy.

First Baseball Tryout Camps

SARASOTA, Fla.—It is going to take an estimated 10,000 candidates on view in approximately 200 Tryout Camps to uncover the 50 super-athletes chosen for the Kansas City Royals Baseball Academy for ten months of intensive training.

Those are the figures of Syd Thrift, director of the \$1,500,000 Academy southeast of Sarasota

where the lucky fifty receive free board, room, a salary and such fringe benefits as health insurance and medical care. In addition free tuition, books and tuition to nearby Manatee Junior College for classroom studies each weekday morning are provided.

Thrift, an exceptional judge of young athletic talent, not only is director of the academy but also



Ewing Kauffman, owner of the Kansas City Royals of the American League, who conceived the idea of the baseball academy. Young athletes selected for training will spend ten months at the \$1,500,000 Academy just outside of Sarasota, Fla.

has organized the entire program. He was scouting supervisor for the Pittsburgh Pirates from 1957 until 1968 when he joined the Royals, an expansion club in the American League.

He found and signed Al Oliver and Bob Robertson for the Pirates in 1964 and Don Money and Woody Fryman for the Buccaneers in 1965. He is especially proud of picking up Money, now with the Philadelphia Phils, because he signed the player after all other major league clubs ignored him in the free-agent draft.

A minimum of baseball experience is required of the Tryout Camp candidates. The first major tryouts were held in Kansas City, June 4-5-6.

"The president of the sponsoring Royals, Ewing Kauffman, says that if he had a pool of all the 6-foot basketball players—too short to reach major stardom in their own sport—that he would find both a Mickey Mantle and a Bob Feller,"

Syd Thrift, former head of the Pittsburgh scouting brigade, is the director of the KC Royals Baseball Academy. Running speed and eye-hand coordination are the two major requirements in the tests Thrift has devised to determine athletic ability of candidates.



says Thrift, "and he very probably is right."

Speed is one of the first things Thrift looks for in a young athlete and thus runners who can negotiate 60 yards in 6.9 seconds become prime prospects.

"Few sports fans see the similarity between tennis and baseball but the tennis service has most of the elements of throwing a baseball and the shifting of the feet and body to handle a backhand requires the same agility to pivot in a double play," Thrift added in further explanation.

Candidates for the Tryout Camps must be less than 22 years of age, have used up their high school eligibility and have a minimum of baseball experience. The age limit will be waived for members of the armed services if they meet the other requirements. Interested persons write to Kansas City Royals Baseball Academy, P. O. Box 1970, Sarasota, Florida 33578.

Thrft and his staff of scouts also will judge a Tryout Camp candidate's throwing ability and his body control and body balance. After the physical tests, Dr. Raymond Reilly of Fairfax, Va., a research psychologist, takes over for a series of psycho-major examinations including eye-hand co-ordination.

Tryout winners came to the Sarasota campus on August 15. The Academy is located on a 120-acre, pine-fringed plot. There are five diamonds and the players are housed, two to a room, in a dormitory which now is nearing completion.

The faculty includes Thrift; Steve Korcheck, former Washington Senator catcher and previously baseball coach at George Washington University; Jim Lemon, onetime manager of the Senators; Johnny Neun, former manager of the New York Yankees and the Cincinnati Reds; Bill Easton, former track coach at the University, and Wes Santee, who held the world 1,500-meter record while at Kansas.

Graduates of the first class next June 1 will be assigned to teams in the Royals six club farm system. ■ ■



"I think they're trying to tell you something, Lon."

CONVERSION

**Lord, help me to see myself
as You see me,
then help me to become
what You want me to be.**

—Pollyanna Sedziol



This is the 311-ft U. S. Coast Guard Cutter *Absecon* which made the Friday, Sept. 13, rescue of third engineer Franz Strycharczyk from his frightful bath of seventeen hours in the Mid-Atlantic ocean. When the *Absecon* received the "man overboard" message she was 130 miles from the spot where Franz was struggling for survival.

His Luckiest Day

By Frank Couch

THE bow of the Coast Guard cutter *Absecon* knifed the dark waters of the mid-Atlantic, patrolling Ocean Station "Echo." Rain, that had commenced earlier, continued to fall, flattening a running sea.

All was quiet aboard the cutter except for the usual noises found aboard a ship at sea. The radio room clock showed 1:21 A.M. The calendar was marked September 13, 1963. In two days the *Absecon* would be relieved of her patrol and



Commander J. E. Forrester, USCG, 44, of Fairfax, Va., skipper of the *Absecon*. It was his decision to change the search sector which led to the exact spot where Strycharczyk was drifting in the mid-Atlantic ocean.

return to her home port of Norfolk, Virginia.

Suddenly the ship's radio speaker came to life, shaking Radioman Raftovich from his drowsiness.

"Attention all ships at sea! This is the German freighter *Freiberg*. A member of our crew fell overboard about four hours ago. We have back-tracked and searched without results." Then followed the longitude and latitude where the crew member was believed to have fallen overboard.

Radioman Raftovich called to the supervisor of his watch, taking a breather at the door. "Dick, come here!"

Radioman Richard Barnes came quickly to Raftovich's side. "I just got a mayday man overboard call," Raftovich explained.

"Notify district headquarters in New York. I'll alert the skipper." Radioman Barnes left the radio room and hurried to Commander J. E. Forrester's quarters. He knocked. Seconds passed before a sleep-heavy voice answered.

"Yes?" And the door opened.

"Sir, we have a mayday, man overboard call for help."

"Notify Commander MacDonald and Lieutenant Hilliard. I'll meet them at my office."

A short time later Commander Forrester, his executive officer, Lieutenant-Commander J. H. MacDonald and Lieutenant (JG) Hilliard, navigator, were discussing the problem and the steps necessary for finding the man lost overboard.

Picking up his phone, Commander Forrester called the bridge and gave the latitude and longitude where the German sailor went overboard. Full speed was ordered.

AT 1:40 A.M. the cutter left its normal patrol. Just eighteen minutes after receiving the call for help, the *Absecon* was hurrying to find the lost man.

The rain fell steadily. Visibility was poor over waves beaten almost flat. Despite this, the poor weather would not hinder unduly the rescue

operation.

In a moment, though the mood of the sea could change, winds might whip the flattened surface to smashing, mast-high waves. If such a storm arose, the cutter would be forced to delay the search.

Another constant threat was a blinding fog that could last for days. Only the ultimate gambler would bet on Franz Strycharczyk's

survival. At 7:59 A.M. the search area was reached.

Every man of the crew that could be spared from other duties was on deck. In rain gear, their eyes searched the sea.

Dawn arrived, slightly lighter than the darkness. None of the Coast Guardsman voiced their thoughts but hope of making a rescue was at low tide on the cut-

While recovering in a bunk on board the U. S. Coast Cutter *Absecon* from his long ordeal in the ocean, German seaman Franz Strycharczyk receives a photograph of the rescue cutter, and a shirt with a scroll. Memento bearers (l to r) are Glenn Paterson and John T. Woodside.



ter. Sandwiches and coffee were served the watchers at their stations.

Shortly after one o'clock the rain let up and the clouds cleared enough for Commander Forrester to take a "murky haze" fix with his sextant. He discussed the findings of the fix in his office.

Commander Forrester turned to his navigator. "Dennis, I think the current has carried Strycharczyk north of here."

Lieutenant-Commander MacDonald, the executive officer nodded in agreement, but Lieutenant Hilliard raised a point. "Sir, we don't know for sure where he went overboard."

"I know, Dennis," replied Commander Forrester, "but from what the charts say about drift and the currents, I can't see any hope of finding him in this area. I'd like to try about eight miles north. If we don't find him we can swing back here without losing much time."

The bridge was called and given the change of course. Completing its turn, the *Absecon* headed north.

As they moved on, the rain slackened and visibility was slightly better. Sky and sea still blended in much the same grayness. Every binocular aboard ship was in use. Tired eyes sought in vain for some sign of a swimming man in the gray-green waves.

Periodically, calls came from the German freighter for any heartening news about their lost crew member.

The cutter's radio speaker sounded again. The *Freiberg's* operator

was asking hopefully, "Have you found him?"

"Negative," went back the disheartening reply.

With only a faint whisper, the sea swept by the cutter's side, boiling and white-capping, revealing an empty drabness.

ON the bridge of the *Absecon*, Ensign James Turman studied the tumbling sea with binoculars. A little movement caught his attention. He stopped the moving of the glasses.

Wiping his eyes, Turman focused the binoculars where he had seen the movement. He rested them against the bridge as the wind increased.

It was no trick of the eye, weather or water. It was there again, a moving patch of white against the waves. He called out. "There's something white in the water!"

Commander Forrester and the other officers joined him. They saw the bit of white rising above the waves. The cutter's bow turned at Commander Forrester's order.

The *Absecon* steamed toward the white spot. Binoculars revealed a swimming, naked man, waving a pair of undershorts.

At Commander Forrester's orders a cargo net was draped over the side of the ship. Swiftly the cutter bore down on the swimming man, now plainly visible to the naked eye.

Speed reduced, the *Absecon* came slowly alongside the swimmer who grabbed the cargo net. Climb-

ing with difficulty, he pulled himself up the net, reaching the ship's railing. Willing hands helped him to the deck.

Franz Strycharczyk managed a smile on a salty, tired face before collapsing on the deck. In a moment he was on a stretcher and covered with a blanket, headed for sick bay.

Half-an-hour later, after being treated for exhaustion, he was able to talk clearly.

Franz said that after playing cards and losing, he went on deck clad only in his undershorts. Leaning over the *Freiberg's* railing, thinking about his bad luck, the freighter rolled suddenly, pitching him overboard.

Franz fought his way to the surface. At that moment the stern of his ship passed him as he tread water. He yelled, waved his arms. The *Freiberg* sailed away.

Like a blow in the face, Franz realized his danger. He was alone, swimming in the middle of the Atlantic. It would be several hours before he would be missed, when he failed to go on watch. The odds against another ship's picking him up were astronomical.

Calculating the hours, Franz knew that when the *Freiberg* returned it would be dark. What chance, with his present luck, was there the freighter would even come close to him?

Hours later he saw the lights of the *Freiberg* approaching him.

FRANZ sat up in the sick bay bed and gestured with his

hands. "I yell. I yell. I splash the water around me so I be seen!" His shoulders slumped. "They no see me!"

"How close did your ship come to you?" he was asked.

"She nearly run over me," Franz replied.

"I pray and pray. I feel a little better then and know I must not be afraid or give up. The waves are about eight feet high and she rain much."

"What happened when you began to weaken?" Franz was asked.

"Pilot fish began to snap on underwear, so I take it off. This gave them only bare skin to snap on. I am afraid pilot fish bring sharks and I think about suicide. I think about choking myself with underwear but this is too slow. Then I think I bite my wrist veins. But then I swim and swim. I think sharks come any time."

"When did you see the cutter?"

"I see you long ways off. I still have underwear and wave them."

Chief Peterson and Chief Yeoman Woodside of the cutter's crew showed their admiration for the brave German by giving him an *Absecon* sweatshirt.

Commenting on the rescue, Commander Forrester said, "We disclaim that finding the man was a matter of skill and realize our success involved much more luck than precision."

After Franz Strycharczyk regained his strength, the *Absecon* arranged a rendezvous with his ship.

(Continued on page 43)

Hupernikomen

By Kyle M. Yates

ARE you a conqueror? Would you welcome a new controlling power in your life? Are you interested in the end of moral failure and defeat? Do you find an exciting interest in the thought of "victorious living"? A careful study of Romans 7:11, 14-20, 22-25 and 8:1-39, will provide challenging insights into Paul's secret. You might become a new person with new power, with a new assurance, and with a new understanding of the work of the Holy Spirit in your life. It is possible to be a conqueror. Nothing less can satisfy the will and purpose and plan of the Holy Spirit for your life. He knows and understands and is committed to the task of leading you to the victory. There is much that is new and startling in Paul's interpretation of this doctrine. The letter begins with a helpless man in need of God. He is lost in his own sin and realizes that nothing he can do will bring about his salvation. He is introduced to the one Savior who has purchased full salvation for him and to the Holy Spirit who is set to help guarantee victorious living for him. It is an exciting book.

In chapter 7 a terrific struggle is pictured. The body is the house inhabited by the individual and the Holy Spirit. It is a hostile environment. The Spirit provokes a conflict. There is constant tension in the heart. Paul sided with the Holy Spirit, and cheered on the man who was strongly challenged to break his ties with the devil

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Next month: Hebrews 11

and commit everything to the One who can give the victory. He learns that he is utterly helpless to attain to holy living by his own efforts. The Holy Spirit gives the victory.

A New Controlling Power in Your Life

The struggler realizes that he is not fighting alone. It is not a hopeless battle. The Son of God has entered the contest. Gladly he gave his own lifeblood to purchase full salvation. Suddenly, the new creature in Christ learned that a divine peace had come into his heart. In a real sense there was *no more condemnation*, no more slavery, no more separation. *God, sending his own son—condemned sin*. The devil would hold sway in his heart no longer. Christ became the divine sin-bearer. Sin's shackles were broken off. He was a new person, in a new position, with a new power, bought by a new price, and would be expected to give a new performance.

At this juncture the new creature invited the Holy Spirit to live in his heart and to take the reins of his life. *Sin shall not have dominion over you*. The Holy Spirit sees to it that we grow and struggle and measure up to the Father's purpose for us. To Titus, Paul wrote: "that he might separate unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." Later he wrote: *If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His*. In 8:16 it is stated that *the Spirit himself bearing witness with our spirit that we are the children of God*.

The Holy Spirit fulfils righteousness. He gives a strong assurance of justification. At the same time He pledges eternal life as a marvelous gift from the heavenly throne. He makes a new life in Christ a sublime possibility and demands that we must recognize our obligation to live in holy commitment to victorious living. Such a life is not only possible, it is obligatory. Holy living is demanded. The Holy Spirit will provide every help that a believer will need to live the triumphant life.

The Wonder of Sonship

Paul declares that those who are called "sons of God" are those who are *led by the Spirit of God*. He is happy to authenticate the

believer's sonship. In the widest sense all men are sons of God. In this special sense those who are led by the Spirit of God's Son to be made alive are the ones who can be called sons of God. Being "born-again" Christians they can be called God's sons. What an exhilarating adventure under the personal guidance of the Holy Spirit!

Paul senses that he is not the same man who dragged believers away to prison and persecution and death. He is a new person. He is not even like the old person. The creative power of God has worked a miracle to make a new man without the selfishness and cruelty and pride that formerly characterized his spirit and behavior. He is now *an heir of God* and a *joint-heir* with the Lord Jesus Christ. He is a full member of the family of God. It fills you with breathless wonder to think on the treasures of our heavenly Father.

We are to share the glory enjoyed by Christ and all the *born-again* ones who have already entered into those delights. We look for the hour of complete realization of our adoption. As the experiences of that journey unfold it is urged that patience in suffering shall be found to result from the strong help of the Holy Spirit. In 8:26 Paul assures the believer that the strong hand of *the Spirit helpeth our infirmity*. Every step demonstrates the weakness and helplessness of the struggler, and also the constant presence of the one who helps. He takes hold at our side at the very moment of our weakness. In the Christian's praying the Holy Spirit will teach clear lessons on "how to pray as it is necessary." We have the holy Intercessor who teaches us and helps us present our petitions *according to the will of God*.

Divine assurance is given for every step of the journey. For the *new creature in Christ* there can be no loss, upon him can rest no condemnation, no one can reopen the case against him, and no fear for the future, and no separation from the love of Christ can ever be experienced. Christ is the Advocate. The Holy Spirit leads, guides, teaches, helps, and empowers for the walk and for the work as a witness. He is the other Paraclete who pleads God's will. He makes it possible by adoption and a son by birth ("born-again"). He incites to prayer, censures sin in us, makes us love one another and witness to others. Our place as children guarantees the place and the privileges of an heir. We have an inheritance awaiting us. We jointly inherit, we jointly suffer, we are jointly glorified. *Beloved, we are God's children now; it does not yet appear what we*

shall be, but we know that when he appears we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is. (1 John 3:2).

Romans 8:28

In this matchless verse Paul reveals the rich treasures of the Father's part in contributing to the needs and longings of the redeemed children. It is God who makes *all things work together* in our lives *for good*, for our ultimate good. His sovereignty is in full control. *According to his purpose* is a complete picture of His will for our lives. All the machinery of the world is in line with the Father's purpose. He has a plan, a purpose, and full specifications for the working out of his will. Only as the individual is completely committed to the Holy Will can he claim the promise of this verse. How comforting to have a Father who has absolute power, eternal purpose, and a personal love for each of his children! It will be well to read verses twenty-nine and thirty immediately before verse twenty-eight. The divine Providence works with his "called out ones" to bring out the full will of the loving Father in *all things*, and in fulfillment of his purpose for their lives and to make all the acts of his hand redound to the actual purpose of the One who has all peoples and all events in mind. The redeemed ones are led to *love God* and to do their best to take every step to carry out the divine will. He is thereby in all the mysteries of life and in every decision perfecting a plan for eternal glory. To *love God* and to be *called according to his purpose* will demonstrate the essentials in God's plan and purpose for him and for the kingdom.

In the next words Paul seeks to name the steps by which this divine purpose is worked out.

1. *He foreknew.* The constant care of the loving Father looks back to the early moments when the eternal Being was formulating and beginning the kingdom participation in which his eternal purposes were to be made perfect. Even in those early stages God knew him. It was a special foreknowledge that laid the foundation for his involvement in the total program of God.
2. *He foreordained him to be conformed to the image of His Son.* In a definite act God selected each of his new sons to have a specific place in the program. Imagine the dignity and honor of such a selection! It was a holy moment.
3. *He called him.* It is the divine "tap on the shoulder" and the announcement of the specific choice of the individual for the as-

signment which had been reserved for him.

4. *He justified.* He freely forgave his sins and declared him to be righteous. Under the will of the Father he became a *new creature in Christ*. It was a complete restoration of the creature into the holy person he was before sin had established dominion over him. It is now certain in the counsels of God.

5. *He glorified.* His future glory is a present reality because it is the will of the Father to make it a certainty. The hope of full knowledge of the believer's enjoyment of the divine glory is so real that Paul dared claim it for the new creatures in Christ. It is the gift of the loving Father God who had revealed something of the glory that awaits one who is *in Christ*.

Paul's Glorious Assurance of Salvation (Romans 8:31-39)

This majestic passage carries the reader along with a challenging lift. It is clearly the climax of the apostle's strong argument in chapter 8. He has pictured the believer receiving justification by faith and is recognized as a new son of God because of this salvation. He moves triumphantly into life with a record of holy living never before seen. All of this leads into the realm of eternal glory. Beginning at this point Paul takes up again the thrilling announcement of sublime assurance that can become certain only through the power and help of the Holy Spirit. Since God's plan of mercy and grace can and does produce such amazing results, nothing can hinder the coming of comfort and confidence and heartening assurance.

It is certain that God has all power. Nothing can withstand Him. No one can doubt His love and mercy. It gives undeniable proof that future grace will be available for all who are in Christ. (Romans 8:32). He is able and willing. His grace will always be freely bestowed. The believer cannot lose. No opposition can ever be found to oppose him in the divine judgment. The Holy Spirit stands ready for every moment of need. The Father loves and delights in the *heir of God*. The Lord Jesus is the divine Advocate, our Savior, our Hope, our eternal Lord. Christ died for our sins. His resurrection is a pledge and proof of our acquittal. Nothing can separate us from the love of Christ. Our comfort, our consolation, our assurance, our hope, rest upon the power and steadfastness of almighty love. Paul exclaimed with a triumphant shout: *No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved*

(Continued on page 49)

Lift Up Your Heart

Blowing out the other fellow's candle won't make yours shine any brighter.—*Bank Notes*.

Many a big wheel is steered by a little woman.—Joan Welsh, *Nashville Banner*.

The frightening fact about heredity and environment is that parents provide both.—*NRTA Journal*.

The man who can hire people smarter than he is is smarter than they are.—Lowell Nussbaum in *Nashville Banner*.

The true university these days is a collection of books.—Thomas Carlyle in *American Education*.

The human mind doesn't need to be stuffed with information. It just needs to be open.—*Construction Digest*.

A day of worry is more exhausting than a week of work.—John Lubbock in *Quote*.

What really matters is what happens in us, not to us.—James W. Kennedy in *Minister's Shop-Talk*.

Every great man was once a nobody prepared for opportunity.—*Grit*.

Character is always lost when a high ideal is sacrificed on the altar of conformity and popularity.—*War Cry*.

The virtue of all achievement is victory over oneself. Those who know this victory can never know defeat.—A. J. Cronin in *Quote*.

The Rep

By Wayne C. Lee

Cattle rustling in the Old West

TOM Keiner saw the buggy swirl up in a cloud of dust just as they were ready to move out to begin the biggest roundup this brush country had ever seen. He wasn't surprised a minute later when the ramrod of the roundup, Henry Widrow, who owned this big valley where the gather was to be held, came over to him.

"Lady wants to see you, Tom."

Tom nodded and nudged his horse over to the buggy. He had recognized Mrs. Stiles in the buggy but he hadn't seen that her daughter, Loretta, was with her. Loretta's presence added a real luster to this visit.

"Tom," Mrs. Stiles said without any preliminaries, "I want you to rep for me on this roundup."

Tom stared at Mrs. Stiles as she

fixed her hat with a long pin to keep it from blowing off her head in the freshening breeze. "What about your nephew, Bud?"

"He's working for the Double X Bar. He won't have time to represent me."

Tom nodded. He was working for Henry Widrow during the roundup himself, but that wouldn't prevent him from representing Mrs. Stiles and claiming any cattle with her brand that were rounded up. Besides, with the dreams he and Loretta shared, he could hardly refuse to help Mrs. Stiles.

"I'll claim any of your cattle we find," he said.

"I'll see you when the roundup is over," Loretta said as the buggy moved on.

Tom turned back to the men



Should he or should he not tell what he had learned?

gathered around Henry Widrow. Widrow's X Slash was the biggest ranch represented in this roundup. His loss in the current wave of rustling was by far the greatest, too, and this roundup had started two weeks early at his request.

"Some of you may find signs of these rustlers," Widrow said, shouting into the breeze. "Report anything you see that looks unusual. If we don't stop these rustlers, we'll all be ruined."

Tom headed for the brushy canyon to which he and three other riders had been assigned. He wasn't too worried himself about the rustlers. He had only a few head of cattle and they were kept inside a pasture on his little place, the Cross 7. He was riding for Henry Widrow during this roundup because he needed work. If he had any hope of getting enough money ahead to fix up his little place fit for a wife, he had to get more money than he could make from his few cattle.

Tom worked the brush thoroughly. Last year's roundup had been a poor one for the ranchers, especially Widrow's X Slash. Widrow had suspected rustling then. Now he was sure of it.

When they brought their gather down into the valley late that afternoon, Tom was surprised at the number of wild yearlings in the herd. Tom had worked for Widrow during the roundup last year and

they had found a lot of cows with no calves. So this year he had expected to find a shortage of yearlings. That wasn't the case in this canyon.

Checking the brands, he discovered an unusual number of Double X Bar brands. The Double X Bar was a fair-sized spread up beyond Widrow's ranch and there were several Double X Bar men in this roundup crew. Bud Stiles was one of those men. Tom didn't think too much of Bud, but Bud was Loretta's cousin so Tom wasn't about to start a quarrel by letting his feelings show.

THE second day Tom's crew was assigned to work out some canyons quite a bit farther from the big valley. Only two men were with him this time. The other man had been ordered to stay behind and help hold the cattle they had gathered yesterday.

Tom worked the upper end of the canyon but he found no cattle in it. He was about ready to give up and head back to meet the other men when he noticed a wisp of smoke over the ridge from him. He reined up and watched for a minute but he saw nothing more. He wondered if he had actually seen smoke or had just been imagining it.

He turned to look down the canyon. If he didn't show up down there right away, the other two men would go on to the next canyon.

But that wisp of smoke should be investigated. A fire up here in this brush would be a disastrous thing.

He reined his horse toward the ridge and put him to the climb. As he rode, doubts nagged at him. Had he actually seen smoke? There wasn't a cloud in the sky so lightning couldn't have started a fire. Nothing else could start a blaze except a man. Why would any man have a fire away back here in this canyon?

He scanned the blue sky in vain for more signs of smoke as he reached the top of the ridge. The little canyon below him was choked with brush as had been the one behind him. But out near the center were some small open glades. In one of them, Tom saw three men. They were working around a small fire that explained the smoke Tom had seen. The fire wasn't giving off any smoke now. They were using dry wood, Tom decided. But when the fire had first started, it would have given off a few puffs of smoke. Tom must have seen one of those.

It took Tom only an instant to realize what all this meant. The three men had a calf stretched out on the ground and one of them was applying a hot branding iron. Tom had stumbled onto the rustlers.

HIS first thought was to back off the ridge and ride hard for the valley to tell Henry Widrow. But by the time he'd get back here with Widrow, they would be lucky to find the ashes of the branding fire. The rustlers would surely be gone.

Tom nudged his horse forward, moving down into the small trees and brush out of sight of the clearing. He'd get as close as he dared then dismount and move ahead on foot. He had to get near enough to identify the men, if possible.

But he didn't get halfway down the slope before he was challenged by a rider who suddenly appeared out of the brush. Tom was shocked when he recognized Bud Stiles, Loretta's cousin.

"What are you doing here?" Tom demanded. "Trying to catch those rustlers, too?"

For a moment Bud stared at Tom then he grinned. "I wasn't trying to catch anything but it looks like I caught a sucker. You're going to ride out of here and forget everything that you saw."

Tom frowned as he realized that Bud wasn't looking for the cattle thieves; he was one of them. "You know I can't do that. We were told to watch for the rustlers."

"Sure and you've done just that. But you don't need to tell anybody that you found them."

"I won't keep quiet," Tom said flatly.

"Loretta won't like having you turn in her cousin."

Tom frowned. "She won't like what you're doing, either."

Bud grinned confidently. "Now look, Tom. You need money fast to fix up your place so you and Loretta can get married. Right?"

"Sure," Tom said. "But that has nothing to do with turning you in."

"It's got a lot to do with it. Think about it. We're tinkering with the

The roundup was called to find the rustlers

X Slash brand down there. By adding a cross on that slash and a bar, we have the Double X Bar. But we can just as easily add a little bar to the top of that slash and we'd have a Cross 7. We'll fix up a couple of dozen like that for you if you'll just keep quiet. Twenty-five extra calves to sell would help you a lot."

Tom frowned. What Bud said was true enough. A couple of dozen extra calves would bring in enough money to fix up his place so he and Loretta could get married this fall. But, tempting as it was, it couldn't sway his decision.

"You know I won't do that," he said.

"You'll do it," Bud said confidently, anger replacing his persuasive tone. "If you don't, you can try to explain to Henry Widrow those extra Cross 7 calves that will show up in the gather down in the valley."

Tom realized that Bud was making a very potent threat. Henry Widrow was looking suspiciously at everybody, anyway, especially the little ranchers and the new homesteaders out in the valleys. A freshly altered brand from X Slash to Cross 7 would surely convince him that he had found the rustler.

Two more men rode up. Tom recognized both as Double X Bar riders.

"Trouble?" one of them asked Bud.

Bud shook his head. "Tom here

has just decided he didn't see a thing. All we have to do is make a Cross 7 on a few calves."

Tom considered arguing the point, but knew he had no chance against three of them. Bud seemed certain that Tom would accept the bribe and keep quiet. Tom decided to let him think what he wanted to. Otherwise, he would likely be held prisoner or worse. He reined around and nobody tried to stop him.

AS Tom rode back down the canyon to meet his two companions, he remembered the cows last fall without calves and the big number of yearlings this year with Double X Bar brands. He knew now where those calves had been last fall. Henry Widrow was foolish to have a brand so easily changed. But that didn't alter the fact that he was being robbed. If some Cross 7 brands did show up in the herd, Widrow might not notice that they were blotched brands. But if he did notice or if Tom told him about them, he'd be in real trouble. He'd probably be in jail instead of Bud Stiles.

Tom saw the two Cross 7 calves that the men from the Double X Bar brought into the main herd that night. But he had already made up his mind what to do. Widrow looked over the cattle, but he apparently didn't notice the brand change. Still Tom didn't hesitate.

"I've got some calves to show

you, Mr. Widrow," Tom said when he got a chance to talk to the X Slash owner. "I know now where your cattle have been going."

He led Henry Widrow into the herd and pointed out the two Cross 7 calves he had seen.

Henry Widrow showed no surprise. "I saw them when they came in tonight," he said. "My foreman, Bill, discovered what was going on yesterday. Apparently some calves got away from the rustlers, showing the freshly altered Double X Bar brand. I didn't know Cross 7 was involved, though. Why are you telling me?"

Tom explained what had happened.

"Even if you aren't guilty of stealing the calves, you could have taken these," Widrow said. "They did a good job of changing the

brand."

"The calves aren't mine," Tom said.

Widrow nodded. "I thought that was your caliber but I needed to know for sure. Could you spare a couple of months from your ranch?"

"Not to sit in jail," Tom said.

"The Double X Bar boys will be doing that," Widrow said. "The sheriff is coming out tonight. I'm looking for a trail boss to take a herd up to market. A half-dozen of us ranchers are throwing our herds together and we've been looking for the right man to ramrod the drive. The pay will be good." He grinned. "Good enough to get married on."

Tom grinned, too. For a fellow working as a hired hand on a round-up and repping for a neighbor on the side, this was quite a promotion. ■ ■

I Decided Fear Would Not Rule My Life

(Continued from page 9)

Chicago. In one of the sessions, the Reverend Joseph Matthews said, "If you want to be free you must take your death and cram it down the throat of history."

In Vietnam I learned what Joe Matthews meant. Death had become personal, it was no longer something that could happen only to other people. But I determined to die that death only once. I took my fears and my death, crammed them down the throat of history, and got on with life.

I had discovered anew that neither life nor death could separate me from the love of Christ. ■ ■

His Luckiest Day

(Continued from page 31)

Swimming seventeen hours alone in the Atlantic Ocean, much of the time during Friday, September 13, did Franz Strycharczyk consider it his unlucky day and quit the sea?

Not on your life! He is back at sea and if you should meet him he'll tell you it was the luckiest day of his life! ■ ■

PHOTO CREDITS

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Jesus Christ's Last Will and Testament

By Roy Adcock

ON May 1 each year the communist countries around the world display their military hardware and flex their muscles, and in doing so reiterate their plan to communize the entire world. During my assignment to Germany from 1953 to 1957, I recall that on every May 1, our Base Commander asked all military persons and their dependents to remain on the base lest they accidentally become the target of a communist attack in one of the neighboring communities.

In 1957 the President of the United States set aside May 1 as Law Day in order to show the world that, on the same day that the communists are flexing their military muscles, we Americans celebrate our freedom under a democratic system of laws. Law Day has another purpose, too. It is to remind Americans across our land of their heritage, and that reminder appears to be needed even more in these days than ever before. Our American heritage includes the fact that America was founded by a people seeking freedom to worship God in their own way; I believe ours is the only country in the history of the world established by, and dedicated to, an abiding faith in God.

But, our heritage goes back much farther than the time America was settled. Indeed, it goes back through almost 2,000 years of history to a very gentle person by the name of Jesus Christ. It is in the teaching of this itinerant Galilean preacher that men found the spark of truth that demanded freedom of spirit and knowledge of their God. It was Jesus who encouraged man to worship God out

**A Law Day Sermon delivered in May, 1969, at the Base Chapel,
Eielson AFB, Alaska, by Colonel Roy Adcock, Staff Judge
Advocate of the base at the time**

of the depth of personal experience as a faith response rather than as an act of slavish obedience. Knowing that his time was short he wanted to teach in such a way that the truth he revealed from God would stand forever.

With this in mind, imagine with me, if you will, Christ seeking out a lawyer friend named Gamaliel and consulting with him concerning the preparation of his Last Will and Testament. What is the real meaning of a Last Will and Testament? It is a legal document, normally prepared by an attorney, which spells out the manner in which a person desires his property to be distributed when he dies.

This, then, is my version of the Last Will and Testament of Jesus Christ:

I, Jesus Christ, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, and being prepared to die for the salvation of all mankind, do hereby publish this, my Last Will and Testament.

Article I

Being mindful that, as the good Shepherd, I am soon to give up my life for my sheep, I hereby give everlasting life to everyone who believes in me. To this end, I am going to prepare a place in my father's house for all believers.

Article II

To all who obey the things I have taught, I give the knowledge and truth which will make you free.

Article III

To those who are strong in faith I give the responsibility of helping the weak carry their burdens.

Article IV

To those who believe in me, I will give whatever they ask in prayer.

Article V

My own peace I give to the world. God's peace, which is far beyond human understanding, will keep your hearts and minds safe in me.

Article VI

To all the world I give my love—forever.

Article VII

I hereby appoint the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of truth whom the Father will send in my name, as executor of this my Last Will and Testament. And, he will execute my estate by guiding all to the truth and by bringing to all a remembrance of the things I have taught.

Article VIII

I hereby appoint all who believe in me to be guardians of my estate. To each guardian I give two commandments: The first is to love God with all your heart and all your mind and all your soul. The second is to love your neighbor as yourself. You are appointed by God to go and to bear much fruit—the kind of fruit that endures. The guardians of my estate are further specifically charged with the solemn obligation:

First, to teach all children the things I have taught;

Second, to urge people to obey the authorities of government, for no authority exists without God's permission;

Third, to teach people to love their neighbors, not pass judgment on others; and

Fourth, since each will have to give an account of himself to God, it is imperative that my guardians work to insure that no one despises his brother. People must be taught that they must not act like animals, hurting and harming each other, because, if they do, they will surely destroy themselves.

If you do this, my estate will truly be protected and generously distributed among all mankind.

IN WITNESS of this my Last Will and Testament, I hereunto set the hand and seal of God.

Perhaps you are wondering what Jesus's Last Will and Testament has to do with a Law Day sermon. Aside from the fact that a Last Will and Testament is a legal document, all laws today evolved from the Ten Commandments and the laws of Moses. As society became more complex and as populations increased, laws changed to meet the needs of society. The laws of our land are in constant review, modification or change in order to protect in these days the rights and dignity of man. That fact alone establishes that, from Christ's death and resurrection to this very day, the Holy Spirit has been executing Christ's Last Will and Testament in bringing about changes to our laws for the benefit of mankind. In looking back through the history of our country we can see the work of the Holy Spirit dramatically demonstrated.

America was born because people wanted freedom of conscience in their worship of God; sincere, dedicated men forged into our country's greatest document, the Constitution of the United States, their abiding faith in God. We have inscribed "In God we Trust" on our money. (Have you ever stopped to consider how singularly powerful that motto really is?) Our congress and all state legislatures open each day of business with a prayer; and people everywhere across our great land express their faith in God in hundreds of ways every day. All these testify to the continued presence of the work of the Holy Spirit.

Yes, the Holy Spirit is diligently executing Christ's Last Will and Testament even today. However, the job is made exceedingly difficult by the constant attacks of the devil. He would like to have it thrown out of court. Thus far the devil has failed, but it seems to me that he is constantly coming closer and closer to having Christ's Last Will set aside in America. I think it almost goes without saying that His Will has been in fact, thrown out of the communist courts of the world, except for a few cells of believers who manage to get together despite their dictator's wishes.

I am certain that our abiding faith in God is the only reason that our country is the greatest ever known in the history of the world. But like the mighty oak, diseases—though microscopic—can effectively destroy our great nation. These diseases are making the work of the Holy Spirit exceedingly difficult in executing Christ's will. May I suggest just a few of the diseases:

1. The "nobody—especially the establishment—can tell *me* what's best for me" disease;
2. the "I don't want to get involved" disease;
3. the "if I don't like a law, I will deliberately break it" disease, and;
4. the "I have lots and lots of material things—and I want more" disease.

I do not intend to discuss those diseases in detail or the many others that are infecting our country. I just want you to think about them and what they mean to you and yours.

All those members of our society who are a part of any of the diseases rampaging through America have one thing in common—they do violence to Christ's Last Will and Testament. For that reason there is a tendency for us to blame all of them for the ailments of our country, but, if someone is to be blamed, it should be *us* not them, we who profess our belief in God. I would, if you please, direct your attention back to Article VIII of Christ's Last Will and

Testament which reads, "I hereby appoint all who believe in me as guardians of my estate." This is one of the most important provisions of Christ's will because we are in charge of guarding his estate forever. And I don't believe our country's ailments would be taking hold as they appear to be if Christ's disciples were doing their job. I realize that it is indeed a serious indictment, but I believe that we in America who are believers can be held responsible to a large degree for the spreading diseases in our country simply because we are *not* doing our duty as his appointed guardians.

May I ask you this:

How have *we* taught people to love their neighbors?

What have *we* been doing to teach our children what it really means to be guardians of Christ's estate?

What have *we* done to urge people to obey the authorities of government, as Christ directed us to do?

How many disease-spreaders have *we* taken aside and taught not to destroy themselves in God's eyes by acting like animals and hurting one another?

Christ attempted constantly to get the disciples to meet the challenges of every day as they came along, and I think that is precisely what he expects us to do as guardians of his estate. Christ has given us no choice. Unless we spread the good news, the many things that Christ taught us, then the freedom, happiness and prosperity we now enjoy will soon be lost forever to us and to those who come after us. None of us wants that to happen. As Justice Rabinowitz, Alaska Supreme Court Justice, stated in a recent Law Day address, "We have to stop being complacent about what's happening to our country and we must start doing something about it."

I'm afraid that one reason we have been doing such a poor job for Christ as guardians of his estate is that we are near-sighted and have tunnel vision. We haven't tried to look ahead or around us. We really don't *know* our neighbors or fellow workers because we've never really tried to find out much about them. We only know that they are *people*, but we haven't tried to make them a part of our Christian lives. We haven't tried to find out what they're like down deep inside.

As Keith Miller in his book *A Second Touch* says:

I had thought before that I had to be a big Churchman to do big things for God. Consequently, most of my "Christian work" was frustrating and left me miserable, because its success depended on my manipulating other people into my program. But as I looked around

me and found the people and work in my own world to be real, I began to feel more and more the sense of being on a secret mission of faith for Christ. I was creatively trying to learn how to love people on their terms and to pray for them. I had a sense of "having time" for people.

And that is what I believe we should be doing as Christ's appointed guardians.

We have a very great stake in Christ's estate. By believing in him we will share in everlasting life as beneficiaries of his Last Will and Testament. And, "believing in him" means more than simply saying "I believe in Christ." It means that we must turn to the Holy Spirit, the executor of the estate, and ask his help and guidance in carrying out our duties as guardians.

In short, as guardians of Christ's estate we must, by our own words and conduct, teach others to love God with all their minds, hearts and souls, and to love their neighbors. On these two great commandments hang all the law and the prophets. ■ ■

Hupernikomen

(Continued from page 36)

us. That tremendous word, *hupernikomen*, pours out a flood of joy and assurance. The apostle joined two words to pour forth his most glorious pronouncement. His claim is that a Christian is a "super conqueror" with such a Savior and with the strong help of the Holy Spirit. Nothing that can confront him in life or after death can thwart the power and love of his Father. He is more than a conqueror in bearing burdens, meeting the tempter, enduring suffering, dealing with fear, in giving forth his Christian witness and in meeting the end of his earthly existence. Nothing can keep him from the heavenly triumph that will be given.

Paul has reached the summit of the Mount Everest of his reading of the revelation from the throne room above. He is fully persuaded that all is certain. The amazing grace of the Father guarantees the mightiest and highest mountain of victory. The Holy Spirit is the secret. He empowers the believer to walk triumphantly in living a holy life. Paul began with the words: *no condemnation* and climbed the heights to the blessed words: *no separation*. Since all this has come about Paul shows that because of the indwelling Spirit, there comes the outer manifestation of His presence in the life. By means of the Holy Spirit we are to walk lives that are pleasing to God. *Hupernikomen!* ■ ■

New Home—New Life

By Paul K. McAfee

A WIFE of a sergeant received his call early one morning. He was calling from his office. "Honey, we are going to West Germany—my orders just arrived."

There are many reactions to calls such as this one. Despondency over leaving a beloved community, tears and no little fear of strange places and strange people, happiness over the opportunity to see and experience new things, perhaps even some elation and eagerness. How did this wife react?

She went immediately to the PX and bought an English-German dictionary!

This was a positive reaction. The wife saw the importance of being able to communicate. She knew there was the chance she might have to live "on the economy" out among the civilian populace for awhile. By study and application

she could have the language barrier problem at least partially solved.

Moving away from one's home community where one has been reared can be an unhappy experience. But to move completely out of the country into a strange land, with strange languages and customs, can be a terrifying experience. Perhaps the best way to approach the problem is to adopt an optimistic attitude.

Opportunities

First, let us examine the opportunities, for they abound. For instance, Americans love to travel. Let's say a family is assigned to Frankfurt am Main, West Germany. This location is a "jumping-off place" for Paris, ten driving hours away, for Garmish (winter playground of Germany), eight hours

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away, the Hague, six hours away. And you can be in England in two hours by air, or twelve hours by car and channel ship. In West Germany itself there are a myriad of places to visit and see, old castles where historical great events occurred, and where great men walked. There are vast forests, mountain ranges rearing their shoulders to the sky, little villages tucked away on river bends that are sheltered by huge, rough city-walls, much as they were two hundred to three hundred years ago. You can walk where Martin Luther walked, stand where Joan of Arc was sentenced to the stake, and read the pages first printed for the Gutenberg Bible. Every turn and twist brings new scenes and new events.

Europe is the birthplace of great music. Every country and nearly every city has its music festival. There are opportunities to hear and see the favorite operas performed, with leading artists in time-honored roles. Every church has its own festival of music and Americans are always welcomed and invited guests.

Every chapel has its ladies' circle, the Protestant Women of the Chapel being the prominent organization. The PWOC has tours to places of historical and scenic interest. During the year the women of the chapel listen to speakers on subjects of interest to them; they put on modeling sessions, have classes in flower arrangements, ceramics and in languages, and in many other subjects. All for inter-

est and for spiritual and mental expansion.

Then there are the wonderful churches. Catholic, Evangelical (Protestant). Jewish—whatever they are, there are none in the world to match them for beauty and splendor. The great Notre Dame of Paris. Chartres, Lyon and Rheims—the Cathedral at Cologne, West Germany, the Dame at Frankfurt am Main—speak of them and history stirs itself.

To this point only Europe has been mentioned for overseas tours. There are family tours to Italy, England, Japan, Formosa and Okinawa. There are also limited family tours to such places as Saudi Arabia, Brussels, Ethiopia, Korea, and Thailand. These latter tours are more rare assignments for family accompaniment. However, in each of these countries, to a varied degree, the same opportunities exist.

Wherever the sponsor goes with his family, stateside or overseas, the service provides him with thirty days leave per year. Commanding officers insist that the leaves be taken. Schools willingly allow children to miss classes to take the leaves with their family, feeling that the historic tours and trips are an education within themselves.

The chance to see and visit in foreign countries does not come easily or often to the average family. The price of touring Europe is commercially prohibitive to most family budgets. But for thousands of military families it is a way of

life. Do not fear it. Rather, seize upon it and glory in it! You may not walk that way again.

What To Expect

The people of your new community will be strange to you. Their customs may amuse you, and in some instances, startle you. In many countries religion is a definite factor in everyday living, much more overtly demonstrative than in your own country. It is a serious matter; therefore, one must be careful not to hurt or cause confusion or even anger by some unintended belittling act or comment.

Social customs change from community to community. What may be taboo in one society may be acceptable in another. Clothes makes the man, someone has said. You may think, now and then, that odd clothes make odd men. But not necessarily so. *Lederhosen* (leather pants) are made for endurance in hiking, walking and climbing, and *Grossvader* (Grandfather) wears them to hike because they are also comfortable.

One of the benefits of traveling in this country and overseas is the new friendships that are formed. One officer and his family receives regular correspondence from civilian friends, found in a small community church, a thousand miles from their home in New Jersey. A wife corresponds with a German woman who was her housemaid ten years ago. Wonderful friendships that endure through the years are formed by moving into and be-

coming part of a community.

You may expect to be stared at. Your clothes will be eyed and examined, your shopping purchases will be discussed and your family discipline judged. This is only human and holds true in any community. Many civilians, without actual knowledge, feel that any officer above the rank of captain is rich and enlisted men above the rank of E-4 should be rich because of all the so-called "benefits" accrued.

Best of all, however, in moving to a new community, is the excitement and adventure of seeing new places and things and meeting new people. People are wonderful! Wherever they are, they are wonderful. They will come to love and appreciate you, as you will come to cherish them.

Husbands Can Be Useful

The keyman in this adventure is the husband and father. He has been alerted to the move. Orders are a way of life to him. It is the husband who should explain to the wife, on her first move, what there is to be done—shots, passports, visas, clothes, cooking utensils, packing, etc. And if he does it right the first time, she will say to him in the words of Ruth of the Old Testament "Where you go, I will go..." (Ruth 1:16).

Once the move is made the husband can make it easier on his family by taking them out and helping them get acquainted with their immediate environment. If the wife drives, the husband can get a post

map and study it with her, until she knows how to find the five main areas of her immediate interest and concern: the commissary, PX, hospital, clinic, and chapel. As the husband works to acquaint his wife to the new community, she will gradually relax and free herself from preconceived fears and anxieties.

Getting out and meeting the new neighbors is important. Nothing allows you to sink roots into a new community better than meeting people who have lived there before your arrival. Soon the wives are sharing favorite recipes, the men are swapping war-stories, and the kids are exploring the mysteries of the neighborhood.

Go . . . Grow . . . And Have Fun

There is so much to see and

do and learn in our world. The service family has an excellent chance to travel, learn and grow. This growth can be spiritual as well as physical and mental.

The chapel is there, wherever the service family lives. It is the center of community life, overseas or at a large post in the states. The Christian family continues to be strong in their faith as they seek out their chapel and church in the new community and carry-on their worship of God.

Go, grow—and have fun! For it is growth in many ways. It is fun, in whatever community you live. The military expects the service family to benefit in all possible manner from the communities they inhabit.

Look in your mailbox—your orders may have come! ■ ■

THE QUIET POWER OF GOD

It was my first Sunday service in Vietnam. I was scared. Would anyone show? It was a sunrise Easter service to begin at 6:30 A.M. We were surrounded by a concertina wire; our carpet was sand; our choir was the pounding surf.

But in the midst of all this, the Holy Spirit was at work. The service was less than 30 minutes, but it was long enough for one man to accept Christ. "Be still and know that I am God"; "All power is given unto me"; these have taken on new meaning to me.—Chaplain D. V. Underhill.



Chaplain D. V. Underhill invokes the blessing of the Trinity on the baptism of BU3 Ruark while standing in the South China Sea.

Spring Baby

By Marian Hodgkinson

NO one in America dislikes anyone else because he happens to have black skin, slant eyes, kinky hair, or a hooked nose."

In view of the mish-mash in the morning papers, the constant bombardment on TV about segregation, integration, anti-Americanism, not to mention war protestors, this surprising and fervid statement from Hurako (Hurako means "Spring Baby"), a pretty Japanese mother of three, made me gasp and take a good long second look at my friend.

All 102 pounds of her glowed with patriotism and love for her adopted country, and even though her rhetoric was faintly reminiscent of a 4th of July speech, it couldn't have been more sincere and refreshing. In the distance one could almost hear a band playing and see the flutter of flags.

"I was born on a small island in the Japanese sea," explained Hurako. "Like many girls where I

lived, I graduated from high school then went to a school where I was taught to prepare for marriage.

"Those were happy, uncomplicated days." Then sadly, "The war came, and my only brother was killed in an early engagement. In Japan, the oldest son is the head of the family, so at his death the husband of my next older sister assumed that position, took our family name and gave up his own. That's the custom and part of Shinto faith. We had years of anxiety and want. I watched my parents grow old and confused." She sighed. "Even though we lived far from any large city, we were in the path of the bombs. It was a frightening time. The war dragged on and I grew up. Eventually defeat came. By now, my Father's once prosperous business was no more. No one had any money, so something had to be done. With defeat came the American Army of Occupation. One

A Japanese wife of an American serviceman tells her story . . .

day I took the boat to the mainland, the train to Osaka and there I got a job in the Army Post Exchange. The pay was good and I could send rice money home to my parents."

Hurako moved restlessly. "There weren't many young Japanese men left, so we girls dated American GIs, and before long I met and fell in love with George, a tall, blond, lonely boy from the state of Ohio. We made jokes about the name of his state because O-H-I-O means 'Good morning,' in Japanese."

A happy smile of reminiscence came over Hurako's face. "We married and I was a good Japanese wife, and soon we had Brent, a son. Many of my girl friends had married American soldiers, so we had a nice life. I no longer worked at the P.X., but we didn't visit my family since travel was not encouraged for American servicemen. Our children were close together, and before long we had Jean, a beautiful blond girl, much like her father, while Brent resembled me. George was a good husband, loved his children and me," she paused, then added, "I thought."

A shadow crossed Hurako's face. "When Jean was two years old, her father was ordered back to the States. The separation was not to be long, George said, 'Just as soon as I get out of the service, find a job

and a placé to live, I'll send you your tickets. As my wife there will be no trouble for you and the children are American citizens anyway. You remember when I had them registered at the Embassy in Tokyo? You have your allotment from my pay, so stay right here until you hear from me.'"

Hurako took another tiny stitch in the dress she was making for her daughter. "I kept busy and at first the time went fast. Then George's letters became fewer and fewer and I was getting frightened, but George had said for me to stay where I was, so like an obedient wife, I stayed. These were days of agony and uncertainty. Doubts nibbled at my mind.

"Dear Jane letters were not unfamiliar to me, since some of my Japanese girl friends had received them after their husbands returned home. Still, I was sure I would never get one. We had two lovely children and we had love, I maintained. I haunted the mailbox until one day a letter came in which George said he didn't want us any more, that his mother objected to a Japanese wife and half-caste children, that he was in love with an American girl now. In a state of shock I prayed in the temple every day for understanding and guidance, then one day as I knelt, I heard God's voice say, 'Go home, my child,' so I

took my children and returned to my parents." She smiled, a small sad smile. "They looked old and defeated, but love for us showed in their eyes and we were home. My allotment stopped, since I suppose George was no longer in the service, so I knew I must get a job and bring in some money."

An unshed tear glistened in Hurako's brown eyes. "I went to the one big shop in town and in the dressmaking department the woman in charge seemed glad to see me and liked the fact that I had learned to sew from the nuns. Then she asked me to fill out an application blank and when I wrote down I was married to an American and had two children, she snatched the paper away from me, looked at it with loathing, tore it into tiny bits and with hatred in her eyes, screamed at me, 'You dirty Pan Pan (prostitute).'

"At home that night I prayed again for understanding. I was an honorable wife, married in the temple, so why did she hate me so and call me that bad name? We were a conquered nation, but hatred had never been the Japanese way of life. Later, I tried to put Brent in a kindergarten but was told bluntly that no 'Han Buns' (half-castes), were wanted. All doors were closed to us except that of my parents, and it wasn't long until they too suffered from our presence. Fire bombs were thrown at the house; my children could not play outdoors because other children called them dirty 'Han Buns', pulled Jean's blond hair

and spat upon both my children. My dear father and mother were afraid to go on the streets or to the temple. It was a time of terror and I knew that I must make a decision, not only for the sake of my parents, but my children. There was no future for us in Japan; we were outcasts in our own country."

HURAKO picked a small speck of dust from her already immaculate coffee table, where we sat. "Through a family friend, I got a sponsor so I could go to the United States to live. I didn't want to leave home and cross that great big ocean to an enormous strange country. It was a lonely step, but it had to be done." She smiled, "I was no longer a 'Spring Baby.'

"Everything was so unfamiliar to me in America and, what English I had deserted me entirely, but my kind sponsor took us into his home with his family, taught me to pray in a strange church instead of a temple, and gradually peace came into my heart and I knew I had done the right thing.

"Because I sew well, I soon got a job in the wedding dress department of a big store." Pensively she went on, "Sometimes it brought tears to my eyes, to see the happy brides, but everyone was kind to me, and I put away my memories. In twenty-two months, I was able to rent an apartment and take us away from my sponsor; I was proud to be independent.

"At the nursery school where I took the children, I hesitated to explain that my blond Jean was

half-and-half, as was Brent, in spite of his Japanese look. No one even asked me about it and soon it dawned on me that we were being accepted in this great country of freedom and tolerance.

"One day, Brent was crying when I went to pick him up at the nursery. The teacher was upset and a little boy about Brent's age looked very crestfallen. 'What happened?' I asked.

" 'I knocked Joey off the monkey bars and he called me a dirty Jap, so I socked him,' said my son. My heart sank, but when the teacher apologized and Joey said he was sorry, I realized it was nothing but a childish quarrel."

A happy giggle came from Hurako. "And do you know I had no idea what a monkey bar was, and looked around thinking maybe they had a small zoo nearby, and I'd see a monkey swinging on a bar."

Unable to contain myself any longer, I asked. "Have you ever heard from George?"

"No, never. If he didn't want us, we didn't want him. Now that I am older and the bitterness gone, I can only feel sorry for him because his children are lost forever to their father."

Hurako ducked her head shyly. "Then one day while I was having lunch, a fine-looking sturdy American came to my table and asked politely if he could sit down and practice his Japanese on me. I assured him my Japanese was better than my English, so we became friends. Bob had also been with the Army of Occupation in Japan, but

not in Osaka. He was gentle, thoughtful, and kind. Four years later we were married. In the meantime I had been to visit his family in a small midwestern town. There no one had ever seen a Japanese girl before, so I was a novelty, but in a nice way. Bob's parents liked my children, and since they were originally from Hungary, they knew and understood all about personal persecution and what life in Japan had been for us. Still there were hurdles to get over. At night when I could not sleep, I wondered if some day Bob too would regret having a Japanese wife. Not only were we of a different race, but of a different religion." Hurako moved restlessly again, "I asked my sponsor what to do and he took me to his minister where I explained my situation. Before long my marriage to George by Shinto faith was annulled and I was free." Then proudly, "Now my husband and I are of the same faith and the same nationality. I am a naturalized American citizen. I got my papers five months ago.

"As you see, Bob and I have a son now." She looked out the window at her sparkling summer garden where flowers blazed and all three children played. "I have learned so much, but best of all, I know now that all children are God's children, no matter what their blood."

She straightened her slim shoulders. "This is my country; the best in the world." Then in true American slang, "You'd better believe it."



One of Ours

See article on
page 50



Paul K. McAfee

PAUL McAfee has been writing for THE LINK for eleven years. We have used his short stories, devotionals, poems and articles.

Recently in writing to us, he said: "Thanks for the invitation to sound my own horn!" And quite a sound it is!

"I have sold over 200 short stories and 150 articles. I have sold and had published over 500 poems . . . Over a span of years I have written and sold a dozen western and mystery paperback novels."

Paul has been a chaplain for 16½ years having served both in Korea and Vietnam. He has three sons and a daughter.

"Writing has always been a love second only to the ministry. My first published effort was in a small, rural weekly Indiana newspaper. Once I saw my

words in print the 'writing bug' had bitten hard and I was committed! I took journalism in college and later went to the University of Illinois and did special study in that field. From 1966 to 1968 I taught Military Writing at the U. S. Army Chaplain School. I have attended many writers' conferences at various times.

"Carmel, Indiana (just north of Indianapolis) is home. There we own a nice house with a large lawn. Here the retired chaplain will exercise a few months hence, while resting himself from pen and typewriter . . ."

We take this to mean that Paul is going to rest awhile and then go back to the typewriter and pen to turn out some more pieces for THE LINK— and other magazines. This is our hope!

The Sound of Glad Tidings

Salvation Army: 1,000-Voice Chorus. Word Records, 5030 W. Waco Dr., Waco, Texas. 76703.

One thousand Salvation Army singers formed a massive choir and filled Royal Albert Hall in London, England, to sing some of the great hymns of the Christian faith. This album records twelve of those hymns. Among them: "O, for a Thousand Tongues to Sing"; "Bound for the Promised Land"; "On to the Conflict, Soldiers, for the Right"; "What Shall the Answer Be?" To be sure with so many voices cohesion is difficult. Nevertheless, the hymns come through beautifully; sometimes there is tremendous power; at other times the music is tender and gentle.

Walking in the Country Road. Gospel songs and guitar by Bob Dalrymple. Word Records, 5030 W. Waco Dr., Waco, Texas. 76703.

The background music for Dalrymple comes from a British Columbia orchestra known as "The Vancouver Sound." Various aspects of the Christian faith are sent forth by Bob and his guitar: Evangelism in "Go Tell It On the Mountain." Doing for others in Glen Campbell's prayer set to music: "Less of Me." God's goodness in "Surely Goodness and Mercy." In the ten songs of the album new and old pieces blend majestically.

Let the Lower Lights Be Burning by the Old Fashioned Revival Hour Quartet. Word Records, 5030 W. Waco Dr., Waco, Texas. 76703.

Quartet members: John Lundberg, first tenor; Jack Coleman, second tenor; Ken Brown, baritone; Arthur Jaisle, bass. Rudy Atwood is at the piano. They do twelve songs for this album. The style is simple and direct; there are no gimmicks. You'll especially like: "A Shelter in the Time of Storm"; "Does Jesus Care?"; and "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning."

Young by Ralph Carmichael and the Young People. Light (Word) Records, 5030 W. Waco Dr., Waco, Texas. 76703.

Solos, duets, and the larger group record music to match the big moments of life. The cover points out that the world of the young is a world of music. They wake up to music; eat breakfast to music; go to school with music; wash the car with music; do dishes to music; do homework to music; eat hamburgers to music; and fall asleep to music. Five pieces on one side of the record; six on the other. They sing: "Searching Questions" haunt me night and day; they never go away. They sing: "It's the Young Life" and "He's Everything to Me"; and "He's There Waiting," etc.



WEST POINT, N. Y.—Harry Jacobs, all-pro linebacker with the Buffalo Bills, discusses Christianity with two cadets at a two-day program of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes at the U. S. Military Academy. The cadets are Merritt Smith, left, 231 London Road, Concord, N. H., and Tom Mason, 10541 JoAnn Lane, Plymouth, Mich., both Plebes (freshmen).

News in Pictures

Senior High Protestant Youth of the Chapel, Davis-Monthan AFB, AZ, presented a drama of the last supper on Maundy Thursday, 1970. LTC William J. Vaughn was the director.





The General Commission's Outstanding Layman's Service Award was presented to the Luther Clements family at the Fort Baker Chapel (Calif.) on 19 April 1970. Left to right: Robert Clements, son, age 17; Mrs. Nancy Clements; Chief Warrant Officer 3 Luther H. Clements; and Chaplain Amos E. Clemmons, making the presentation.

PRESIDENT VISITS GRAHAM CRUSADE

More than 100,000 people overflowed the University of Tennessee's Neyland Stadium, Thursday, May 28, 1970, to welcome President and Mrs. Nixon to the Billy Graham East Tennessee Crusade.

President Nixon spoke 13 minutes and encouraged young people to turn "to those great spiritual resources that have made America great."

The President's address from the platform was a first in history and his appearance helped the Crusade draw what was thought to be the largest crowd ever in Tennessee for any event.



PWOC of Carlisle elect officers. Mrs. Elmer P. Curtis (right), retiring president of the PWOC at Carlisle Barracks, discusses the 1970 program with the newly elected officers. Left to right: Mrs. Clifford M. White, secy.-treas.; Mrs. Garland R. McSpadden, president; and Mrs. Oliver W. Brackman, program director.



The Link Calendar

- Oct. 1- Dec. 15. March Against Muscular Dystrophy.
- Oct. 1-7 National Employ the Physically Handicapped Week.
- Oct. 1. Rosh Hashanah or Jewish New Year. Religious ceremonies call all Jews to repentance and renewed responsibilities.
- Oct. 4. 20th Sunday after Pentecost. World-wide Communion Sunday. Also Rutherford Birchard Hayes' birthday. 19th President of the U.S. Born this day in 1822.
- Oct. 4-10. Fire Prevention Week.
- Oct. 4-11. International Letter Writing Week. "To promote letter writing in order to further friendship."
- Oct. 4-10. National 4-H Week.
- Oct. 5. Chester Alan Arthur's birthday. 21st President of the U. S. Born this day in 1830.
- Oct. 9. Leif Ericson Day. Celebrates discovery of America by those who believe Leif did it. (The Year 1,000 A.D. Icelandic explorer.)
- Oct. 10. Yom Kippur or Day of Atonement. Holiest Jewish observance.
- Oct. 11. 21st Sunday after Pentecost. Also birthday of Eleanor Roosevelt. Also Laymen's Sunday.
- Oct. 11-17. Y-Teen Week. To recruit new members for Y-Teens (YMCA group)
- Oct. 14. Dwight D. Eisenhower. 34th President of the U. S. Born this day in 1890.
- Oct. 15. Sukkot or Feast of Tabernacles, First Day. Jewish holy day. Completion of harvest in Holy Land.
- Oct. 16-24. American Royal Livestock and Horse Show. Kansas City, Mo.
- Oct. 18. 22nd Sunday after Pentecost. Also World Order Sunday.
- Oct. 19-25. National Cleaner Air Week.
- Oct. 22. Sh'mini Atseret or Feast of Tabernacles, Eighth Day. Jewish holy day.
- Oct. 23. Simchat Torah or Rejoicing of the Law. Jewish holy day.
- Oct. 23. Swallows depart from San Juan Capistrano.
- Oct. 24. United Nations Day.
- Oct. 25-31. American Education Week.
- Oct. 25. Youth Sunday. Also Reformation Sunday. 23rd Sunday after Pentecost. Also on Oct. 25 Standard Time begins at 2:00 A.M.
- Oct. 27. Theodore Roosevelt's birthday. 26th President of the U. S. Born this day in 1858.
- Oct. 30. John Adams' birthday. 2nd President of the U. S. Born this day in 1735.
- Oct. 31. Halloween. Also UNICEF (United Children's Fund Day). Also Reformation Day.

Discussion Helps

THROUGHOUT this issue of THE LINK, you will find four articles prepared not only for individual reading, but also for group discussion and for lay leaders' helps.

1. **Who Am I?** (page 10)

Biblical Material: Genesis 1:27; Exodus 3:11; Romans 14:13-15; 1 Corinthians 3:16

What in your honest opinion is God's estimate of you? What do others think of you? What do you think of yourself? Do possessions, or education, or brilliance, or good looks make you better than others? Why or why not?

2. **Who Owns What?** (page 21)

Biblical Material: Psalm 24:1

Where do you agree with the writer? Disagree? What is good management of money and things? How do you get along? Should you be concerned for all people? How? If God owns everything, how can our life together reflect that fact?

3. **Hupernikomen** (page 32)

Biblical Material: Romans 8

What are the conflicts that go on within us? How can we be "more than conquerors"? In what way do we gain the strength of the Holy Spirit in life? How do we become sons of God? How do we live as sons of God?

4. **New Home—New Life** (page 50)

Biblical Material: Ruth 1:16

What are some of the fears that come to us when there is going to be a move, especially if that is overseas? What are some of the things we can expect when we move into a new community? How can we adjust to a new community? When we move, how soon should we go to chapel or church? How soon participate in religious activities?

Books Are Friendly Things

Elements of Christian Belief by D. B. Taylor. Westminster Press, Witherspoon Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa. 19107. 1966. \$2.45, paperbound.

The author writes of four Christian beliefs: God, Jesus Christ, The Holy Spirit, and the Resurrection. He does not try to prove these ("I am not arguing that Christianity is true" p. xv), but he merely presents them as the "life-view" of many people. So, "if theology is only of interest to me in its capacity as a 'life-view,' why should I bother to argue about it?" However, he does argue for "the practical excellence" of Christianity; it is the best "life-view" when you compare it with other beliefs.

Marriage: An Interfaith Guide for All Couples. Edited by the Rev. Raban Hathorn, O. S. B.; the Rev. Wm. H. Genné, and Rabbi Mordecai Brill. Association Press, 291 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10007. 1970. \$5.95.

This manual does not gloss over the differences of attitude and outlook on marriage and family living as taught by Catholics, Protestants, and Jews; but it does explore their common tradition and conviction that God is the author of marriage. It presents marriage as a continuing, living contact with God, a way of life that is at once a vocation, a covenant, and a sacrament. It deals with such basic concerns as budgets, babies, the child and school, family and community childlessness, interfaith marriage, sex and marriage, and the broken marriage, etc.

Earth Day—The Beginning. Compiled and edited by the National Staff of Environmental Action. Bantam Books, 666 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10019. 1970. \$1.25.

Includes 50 presentations made during Earth Week by students, scholars, scientists, and politicians. Covers all aspects of environmental distress: Earth's Last Stand; Promises, Promises; Green Revolution; Black Survival; Feds Under Fire; Business as Usual; Concerto for Auto Horns and Fumes; Lawnorder; People; and Viva.

The Wall Street Jungle by Richard Ney. The Grove Press, 214 Mercer St., New York, N. Y. 10012. 1970. \$7.50.

A full-scale indictment of the ethics and methods of the stockbrokers, bankers, and corporation chiefs who direct American money, but Ney's most severe charges are directed against the specialist system, a privileged group of brokers on the floor of the Exchange.

Sound Off!

(Continued from page 4)

I would appreciate it very much if you would address the enclosed stamped envelope and mail it to the address you probably have as a result of publishing his article.

—Joseph C. Salak, Star Route 2, Box 155, DeLand, Fla. 32720.

(We're glad to bring together again two old collaborators.—Editor.)

Wants to Use Articles

I am a British resident serving in the chapel choir of the USAF London Area chapel, W. Ruislip. Thus, I get your magazine each month and find it excellent.

However, I am also associated with a local church and would like to be able to include one of your articles from THE LINK each issue of a proposed youth fellowship magazine. I hereby apply for free license to copy out no more than one article per issue of THE LINK to include in the proposed monthly magazine of ours. It is naturally accepted that THE LINK would receive an acknowledgement for every article copied in this way . . .

Your permission will be especially important in the early days of the magazine when it may be difficult to get material sufficient to warrant its production.

—Geoffrey A. Morris, 12 Wetherly Close, Northolt, Middlesex, England.

(Permission granted.)

January Cover Girl

I am a regular reader of THE LINK—and always look forward to each month's new edition. I am particularly interested in the front cover of the January 1969 edition . . . This photo is a very good likeness of a good friend of mine; but I want to be sure whether it is she or not before I write to her about it . . .

—James R. Barry, AN, USN, B308639, Office of the Protestant Chaplain, Box 35A, U. S. Naval Sta, FPO New York, N. Y. 09593.

(As we've said many times, we do not have the name or address of any of our cover girls. These are kept confidential by the photographers.)

Many Thanks

Thanks for the credit line under "Thank You, America" by Patricia Young (July, 1970 issue, p.3). I certainly didn't expect that one. Cheers.

—Ernestine Schindler, 9002 S. Carol Ave., Tacoma, Wash. 98409.

Enroll My Wife

Please enroll my wife for a one year's subscription to your wonderful magazine.

—1st Sgt J. L. Lay, 1491557, USMC, QAR Det, USS *Driskin* (CVA 34), FPO San Francisco, Calif. 96601.

At Ease!



"I'm afraid he isn't doing so well on the ink-blot test."

As the mother left her little one at the schoolroom door, she said: "Goodby, Tooty. Be good now. I'll see you later."

The teacher playfully said, "Why I always thought your name was Tony but now I hear your mother call you Tooty."

"Oh," said the tot in a confidential whisper. "My name is really Tony but Mom calls me Tooty when she can't remember my name."
—Lucille J. Goodyear.

A big worry drives out a small one; since there's always a still bigger worry coming along, you have nothing to worry about.

We are told that the weaker sex is really the stronger sex. This is due solely to the weakness of the stronger sex for the weaker sex.—*Executives' Digest*.

A teacher is an educated person who is to help other people. She does not go to school for her own good.—Jerome Benz, age 12. *Eureka College Alumnus*.

Fat man to skinny man: You look as if there had been a famine.

Skinny to Fatty: You look as if you caused it!—Alan Angle in *The Christian*.

Visiting my wife in the maternity ward at the camp hospital, I was amused by this sign over the entrance: "Any Time Day or Night—We Deliver."—A. R. Gracie, *English Reader's Digest*.

When the cute blonde was introduced to the Texas oilman she cooed, "Oh, and how much did you say your name was."—*Rock Hill Herald*.

Old lady (visiting penitentiary): "I suppose it was poverty that brought you to this."

Counterfeiter: "On the contrary, ma'am. I was making big money; just a little too big!"—*Cartoons and Gags*.

WIFE TO NEIGHBOR LADY: "Al really has only one fault. He can't seem to do anything right."—Gene Yassenak, Missoula, Mont.





